THE
Saturday Review
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PLEASE, DO NOT AGREE WITH ME
by Oswald Garrison Villard

"PACIFIC CHARTER"
by Hallett Abend
Reviewed by John Goette

"DRESS REHEARSAL"
by Quentin Reynolds
Reviewed by Henry B. Kranz

"POST-MORTEM ON MALAYA"
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"GIANTS GONE: MEN WHO MADE CHICAGO"
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"THE HUMAN COMEDY"
by William Saroyan
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Mr 3 '43

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—British Information Services

Commandos returning from the raid on Dieppe—the subject of two books published this week. (See page 7)

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Please, Do Not Agree With Me

Not Every Writer Disintegrates at the Drop of a Dissenting Opinion

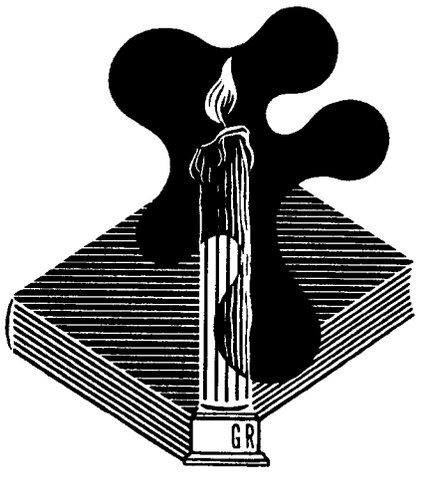
OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

SOME ten years hence at a public gathering I shall violently assault, if not murder, a man or a woman. I give fair warning now that the victim will be the one thousandth person to approach me and remark, with an air of profound originality: "I read everything you write, but I don't agree with all you say." Before proceeding to the fatal violence I shall step out of my character as a man of calm and quiet courtesy and explode thus: "What on earth makes you think that I care one little damn whether any idea of mine finds congenial lodging in your brain? If I suspected that you agreed with all my ideas I should certainly jump off a tall building at once as an utter failure in life and a disgrace to my profession."

Undoubtedly that might stun my victim before I could administer the *coup de grace*. For the belief that the sole aim and object of an untrammeled editor or writer is to get everyone to agree with him, is lodged deep in the average American mentality. A look of absolute incredulity usually passes over the faces of the dissenters who come up to you after your lecture if you assure them that you are not in the least interested in their reactions to your theses and principles. So widespread is the conviction that every editor shivers in terror and goes to the nearest bar for a stimulant whenever he gets a letter cancelling a subscription, that you are apparently supposed to tremble if any reader tells you that he or she has examined and rejected some of your innumerable proposals for the redemption of the human race.

I have often wondered what it is that these innocent people expect me to reply. I suppose I should grovel, express contrition, assure them that I shall never again offend and won't they please write me exactly what it is of which they have disapproved so that I shall not sin anew? It is out of the question to suggest to them that one who is giving his life to political reporting and to judging of events may in the course of years have acquired some expertness or special knowledge they do not possess. That would be rank and unpardonable egotism and Main Street would be justified in regarding it as such. One can only express an humble regret that two such great minds have not agreed and be as patient as possible until that fated victim, the one thousandth dissenter, finally appears.

It must be frankly admitted that there are editors and journals in plenty that are at least in part responsible for this popular impression that the editor is to be rebuked if you do not agree with him. These editors and journals deliberately appeal to the mass mind and build their success not only on the slogan that the customer is always right, but on the policy that no sentiment must be expressed in their columns which is not held by Main Line commuters. Not so very far from where these words are being written is the office of a rich, popular, and influential journal which is the envy of all its rivals. It has chosen with great skill the particular conservative groups to which it appeals. Its columnists, its "by-line" reporters and Washington correspondents know exactly how they must approach every subject, what they must praise, and what they must view with alarm as certain to lead to bolshevism, the destruction of all private enterprise and of that sterling business pioneering which is at the bottom of the rise of this country from its small beginnings to its present position as the greatest of all nations. Much can perhaps be said for the editorial page of that journal, but no one has yet charged it with harboring a single liberal thought, or an original one, or an idea to shock a single one of the several hundred vice-presidents of the National City Bank.



IN another century one of the most successful editors of *The London Times* played this same game by hiring a hack journalist of pleasing appearance and manners to spend his days and nights in the fashionable and unfashionable coffee houses, ascertaining just what the people there were saying about the latest domestic policies or foreign events. The reports the editor received from his scout molded his editorial opinions and shaped his articles. Since his views were thus those of the great bulk of his readers, the fame of the wisdom of the Thunderer grew apace. The reader who lays down your editorial with the words: "Well, that's just what I think," is your 100 per cent contented subscriber and devoted admirer. There is no flattery more subtle or more effective than to make him feel that the editor has ascended to his intellectual level. But if that leader writer should go counter to that same man's opinions, woe unto him. "Stop my subscription," is but one measure of his outraged indignation; he becomes a walking sandwichman letting everyone know wherever he goes that the editor of that sheet is either a fool or a red and you can take your choice.

But this article was not meant to set forth the case of the conforming editor. Anybody who wishes to be that can achieve his ambition in no time at all. It's the simplest thing in the world to avoid giving offense, to uphold the status quo, to see ever the silver lining to the cloud, to differ, where differ one must, with complete-

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ly unoffending deference and respect and the modest hope that the offender will soon change his views in the light of the arguments advanced against his plan. It is always the easiest of tricks to wind up any mild dissent with the sentiment that after all America is, despite its mistakes, God's chosen country and we His people. One of our most renowned editors, who labored in a neighboring city, built his reputation for sagacity and wisdom, and his popularity largely upon his wide knowledge of American history. Cite him a wrong that cried to high heaven for adjustment and he would pull two similar ones out of the regime of John Quincy Adams or Abraham Lincoln or Benjamin Harrison, and assure you that things were far worse then than when you spoke. Always he made you feel that things were getting better every day in every way. Never was his pen dipped in the ink of a hot, patriotic rage, and never did his voice tremble over any injustice. His fame as one who always held the scales even lives on. I am sure that no one ever said to him after one of his innumerable lectures that he disagreed with any of the editor's sentiments.

What this article is meant, on the contrary, to portray is something of the position of the free and unbossed editor whose sole allegiance is to his conscience and to his principles; who cares little how his readers will react, but much whether he can so phrase his views that they shall truthfully represent his beliefs and shall be the best and most helpful comment he can possibly offer. Often he deliberately uses the lash with no effort to be "constructive"—if his after-lecture dissenter has no other criticism to offer he invariably falls back upon the plaint that the editor's writings are not "constructive." The free editor scourges the offenders he sees before him with all the passion for justice of which he is capable. He knows he won't receive much applause, if any—that is, if he stops to think about it at all. If he has another thought it is usually to give thanks that he is at liberty to say what he pleases, that he does not have to go hat in hand to "the owner" to inquire what he may say and what he may not, what he may do, and what he may dare.

Just what is or should be the real function of the free editor? Some years ago the late Glenn Frank, when President of the University of Wisconsin, took a man of this type across the State of Wisconsin to a meeting of the Dairymen's Association at which Mr. Frank delivered an extremely illuminating address on Danish agriculture and Danish coöperatives. In presenting his friend that evening to a university audience President Frank said that perhaps the audience might be puzzled as to why he had dragged the speaker of the evening across the State and back again instead of giving him time to rest and prepare for the evening address. If so, he wished to point out that there was something extremely fitting in that episode since cheese is the result of a process of fermentation and the man he was introducing had probably caused as much ferment in the American press as any other writer. It was a bit farfetched, though the audience laughed heartily. But Glenn Frank did put his finger on the chief function of the dissenting editor to whom the status quo is something to be reformed as rapidly as possible and is not the Kingdom of Heaven on earth. The purpose of such an editor is above all else to make people think, to make them reexamine their beliefs and their prejudices, and to challenge their present conceptions.

THAT in doing this it is often necessary to rub people the wrong way is part of the price that must be paid. But people cannot be shocked out of their complacency or indifference to social backwardness and injustice by polite palavering, or by expressing the pious hope that some time in the future the country may be willing to take a different attitude on a given subject. Reforms are brought about usually by men whose convictions give them no peace, within whom the conflict between what they deem the wrong and the right creates a white heat. Often that very heat or a narrow bigotry and a passionate intolerance antagonize the public and prevent the crusader's driving his point home or making converts. Indeed, this debate as to just how ardent or provocative or violent in his personal attacks a reformer shall be is as old as reform itself and it will surely never be ended. It is plain, however, that men can cause ferment in the press and among the public if their sincerity, their earnestness, and their unselfishness are beyond dispute. But the man who subordinates his convictions and trembles lest someone come to him and exclaim: "I read all you write, but I don't agree with all that you say" is certain to lead a pleasanter and less troubled life.

The dissenting reader, I suspect, is often moved to record his disapproval in order to free himself from any taint of holding wrong ideas or being, as it were, *particeps criminis* with the wrongheaded editor. It is a step for self-protection, a bit of protective coloring. Just as it has become the fash-

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The Pacific and the Coming Peace

PACIFIC CHARTER. By Hallett Abend. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1943. 302 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN GOETTE

MR. ABEND opens his book with a plea for prejudice against Nazism and Japanism. He closes with a plea for "No Soft Peace." He warns against American withdrawal into isolationism after the war, taking with us "even our good intentions." In that event, as he says in his last paragraph, "hell will have a new paving of magnificence never dreamed of by the fallen angels."

Mr. Abend covered the Orient for fifteen years with the prestige of a great newspaper behind him—the *New York Times*. Ranking Japanese and Chinese leaders confided in him. Like fiction, comes Mr. Abend's story of forwarding to the White House a Japanese proposal to join America in the purchase of Siberia. This was late in 1938. The Japanese agent was the Oregon-educated Yosuke Matsuoka, then head of the South Manchuria Railway Company, and subsequently Tokio's Minister for Foreign Affairs.

Matsuoka imagined that Stalin would sell all Siberia east of Lake Baikal to Japan and America for 30,000,000,000 yen. The author, dodging censors, managed to get the proposal into the President's hands by way of the publisher of the *Times*. Mr. Roosevelt kept it for four days and then returned it without comment. A State Department reaction to Mr. Abend's revelation would be diverting indeed.

The author calls for "Blueprints for Peace" and he calls for them now. "Why wage a total war and insist upon a total victory unless we intend to impose a total peace?" he asks. Therewith, he performs his own "territorial surgery" upon a prostrate Japan. Concisely, as a diplomatic surgeon, he would disarm Japan; discredit her militarists; depose her emperor; punish her leaders; purge her educational system; and partition the empire. He would inflict a period of "tutelage in decency" but no indemnities other than confiscation of investments abroad. For the recuperation of the patient thus weakened under his scalpel, he would feed the Japanese people and show them no discrimination in access to raw materials or world markets.

Mr. Abend would graft severed Manchuria and Formosa back on to parent China. The Philippines would convalesce for another decade under the nursing of the United States as "the responsible governing authority." Indo-China, amputated from France, would be treated by "international political tutelage." Korea and Thailand would undergo a similar cure. Britain would forfeit Burma to these same international guardians, but as the author sees "no urge for autonomy or independence in Malaya," Britain is to be left "to restore stability and government as she sees fit."

The surgeon's blade grows dull over Hongkong. The British are unwilling to surrender it and the Chinese are determined to get it. Mr. Abend hesitates to make even an incision there. India, too, stays his hand. Though it is primarily a British worry, should India join the United Nations, then Mr. Abend believes, America would be jointly responsible for her ultimate freedom. The Dutch receive a clean bill of health and retain the East Indies as "best fitted to carry out the task."

Mr. Abend wants America to have the Japanese Mandated Islands, or failing that, to place them under an international group. The prickly question of the Japanese half of the island of Saghalin is omitted completely from his "Blueprints for Peace." We cannot blame the author when he offers no facile solution for this Soviet-Japanese burr. Other men no less astute than he will doubtles break themselves on Saghalin's cold and rocky coast.

Hallett Abend presents a plan for combining surgery with diplomacy.

Even those who feel they possess a knowledge of the Far East sufficiently basic to disagree with the premises in this book, will find this book well worth their reading. As for the others, read "Pacific Charter" and be the wiser therefor.

Proving-Ground of Imperialism

POST-MORTEM ON MALAYA. By Virginia Thompson. Institute of Pacific Relations: International Research Series. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1943. 323 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HENRY C. WOLFE

IN a foreword to this interesting and valuable study Sir George Sansom says: "The circumstances accompanying the military disaster (the fall of Malaya) seemed to point to some fundamental defect which local and temporary inferiority in men and machines did not suffice to explain."

"Fundamental defect" is bland understatement for a complex situation involving racial snarls, administrative questions, tin, rubber, destitution, trade and labor problems, and a score or more of their ramifications. The fundamental defect is the subject of "Post-Mortem on Malaya." Miss Thompson has undertaken an analysis of the formidable situation with the thoroughness and patience that characterized her earlier works, "French Indo-China" and "Thailand: The New Siam." She has marshalled Malayan facts and figures in a significant array that confirms her eminence as an authority on the Southwestern Pacific.

Sir George Sansom detects in the book "a certain *parti pris*, a certain tendency to act as prosecutor rather than as judge." According to Miss Thompson, the root of the evil in Malaya lay in the economic imperialism which British rule developed there "and which failed to weld the peoples of the country into a Malayan nation." The author of the book orients her analysis toward Great Britain; the author of the foreword protests that colonial problems cannot be isolated from their worldwide setting.

As a matter of fact, Miss Thompson does not neglect the global aspects of Malayan politics and economics. The colony, she makes it plain, felt "that she was becoming a pawn in world affairs, where her purely local interests were being sacrificed . . ." Malaya's strategic resources of tin and rubber served as high cards in Britain's international game, but did next to nothing for the political and economic welfare of the Malays.

The author makes out a good case for the five million inhabitants of a country that had to endure ten different administrations and seven customs barriers. Into the bargain the native Malays had to face competition from

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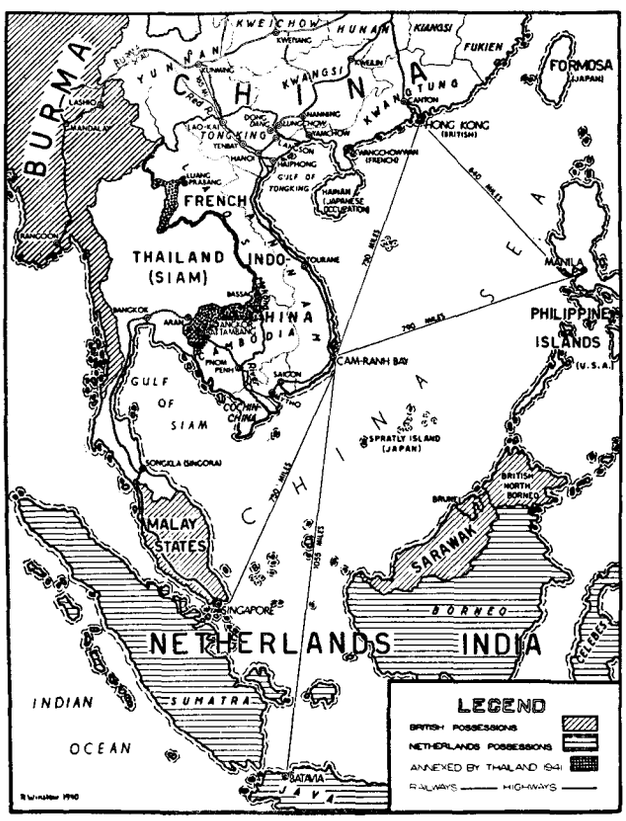
foreign labor imported in vast numbers to exploit Malaya's rich natural resources. Miss Thompson can cite chapter and verse to prove that the native Malays did not resent the immigrant Chinese and Indian workers on racial, but on economic and administrative, grounds. Imported labor was not a basic obstacle to national unity. The basic obstacle was that the natives were not given a just share in the government of their country and neither the native nor foreign-born Asiatics were encouraged to take an active part in its defense.

The resultant morale—or lack of it—goes far to account for the sudden fall of Malaya to the Japanese. Miss Thompson does not make the proverbial "whisky-swilling planters" the scapegoats for the catastrophe. Shortsightedness and negligence on the part of the authorities, a Maginot Line psychology with regard to Singapore base—these sped the immediate course of doom. When the Japanese first raided Singapore on December 8, their planes arrived before the alarm was sounded over a limited area. The city lights stayed on throughout the air attack. It was nine weeks after that raid before the city fathers began to construct a public air raid shelter. As for the scorched-earth policy, the Japanese took over intact Penang's public utilities, foodstuffs, tin and rubber stocks, shipping and treasury.

Miss Thompson does not always make her meaning clear. A typical example of obscure presentation is the sentence on page 266: "Reporters claim that only three weeks before the war broke out did they discover that Bren guns could negotiate rice fields and jungles, and then it was too late to change their strategy." The reader may guess from the context that "they" are the military authorities and that "before the war" might mean before Pearl Harbor.

The title of the volume does something less than justice to Malaya. Judging from Miss Thompson's treatment of the subject, Malaya is a sleeping beauty. She awaits the call of democracy to come into her own.

"Post-Mortem on Malaya" is not a topical war book that military events can quickly outdate. It will probably be many years before an author will be in a position to give out new first-hand information on Malaya. And few such authors are likely to match Miss Thompson's scholarly perspective and talent for research. For a long time to come "Post-Mortem on Malaya" with its comprehensive bibliography and helpful index will be out in front as a standard reference work on Malaya.



—From the book

The Inevitable Offspring

APPEASEMENT'S CHILD. By Thomas J. Hamilton. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1943. 327 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by STEPHEN NAFT

WHEN Axel Oxenstierna, King Gustavus Adolphus's great chancellor, sent his son on a diplomatic mission to European courts, "Go, my son," was his farewell "to learn with how much *un*wisdom the world is ruled." How much more strongly would Sweden's uncrowned ruler express himself if he lived three centuries later to observe the work of the statesmen of the great democracies during the critical years before the outbreak of the present world war.

Thousands of newspapermen, reporters, and editors, millions of simple, uneducated workmen in many countries saw from the very beginning that a Frankenstein was being fed and encouraged, which was bound to cause the greatest holocaust in the world's history. But the supposedly astute statesmen and leaders of the democracies, destined to become the monster's victims, nursed it through its childhood, pampered it in its adolescence, and, when it had its growth, tried to appease it with gifts and more gifts at every growl.

Mussolini, the forerunner and prototype of Hitler, received at the beginning of his career a loan of $200,000,000 from American bankers and investors (with, of course, the consent of the United States government) to strengthen his regime. Not so long ago such a brilliant mind as that of chic Congresswoman Clare Luce still assured us that "except for Mussolini's joining the Axis, he is quite all right." Without Mussolini there would have been no Hitler, who learned from him his technique of totalitarian rule, who waited to see what would happen if weak, but bullying, Fascist Italy defied Great Britain and the League of Nations. When in 1935, the British lion turned tail, after Italy invaded Ethiopia, Hitler understood that he had only to growl to get from the statesmen of "peace at any price" whatever he wanted. Millions of lives, hundreds of billions in money and values, and the depression of our standard of living are the interests *we* are paying on that initial loan *we* made to Mussolini, and for the subsequent "peace offerings" in nations and human beings made by England to Hitler. Now that it is too late we have learned our lesson . . . or have we?

Thomas J. Hamilton, for two years *The New York Times* correspondent in Franco Spain, who has just written an exceedingly interesting and timely book on that subject, is not so optimistic. In describing the policies and aspirations of Falangist Spain he clearly proves that Franco, whom we and England helped into power by the embargo on arms and munitions against the legitimate republican government of Spain, while doing nothing to prevent the Nazi-Fascist powers from sending whole armies to the assistance of the insurgents, is as much our enemy as Mussolini was the enemy of France, long before he actually stabbed that defeated country in the back. And we are still appeasing our Franco with gifts and favors and promises. Like Mussolini then, Franco does not even pretend to be neutral in the present conflict, though he is still "non-belligerent."

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Prelude to Victory

DRESS REHEARSAL. The Story of Dieppe. By Quentin Reynolds. New York: Random House. 1943. 278 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by HENRY B. KRANZ

IN a foreword to his eyewitness account of the Dieppe raid Mr. Reynolds says:

"Had I any sense of objectivity and were asked to review this book I would say: The author has put entirely too much of himself in this book and not enough of Dieppe. It purports to be the story of the raid on Dieppe, yet the pages are filled with trivia not connected directly with the raid at all. Now and then the facetiousness with which the author treats certain aspects of the Dieppe operation jars one's sensibilities. He begins, for instance, with the story of six pork chops. He then gives us a rather overlong account of how he as a reporter managed to go along with the raiders. He wastes a couple of thousand words telling us about Vice Admiral, the Lord Louis, Mountbatten. During the raid he apparently spent more time talking to the wounded than getting the factual data which might give us a clearer idea of what went on during those nine hours at Dieppe. The book presents little in the way of new or 'inside' information about the Dieppe raid. For the most part it presents the author's reactions to the events. His obvious admiration for his fellow correspondents is reflected in the several anecdotes about their behavior under fire, but none of this is of any value to the serious student of military affairs. It is, in short, the kind of narrative that one of the Rover Boys might have written, had he accompanied the raiders. For the real, comprehensive story of Dieppe, as a military operation, we shall have to wait for the historians."

This reviewer, who thinks he has a sense of objectivity, is sincere and polite enough not to contradict the author's review. But he wants to add that he enjoyed Quentin Reynolds's brisk, witty, and humorous story of how he saw the Dieppe raid on board of a British destroyer. And since, as Mr. Reynolds admits, there is even some fiction in his book, not much—but some, this reviewer is not ashamed to say that he did not stop reading "Dress Rehearsal" before he came to the last page. A cocktail of fun and tragedy, as all other books of Mr. Reynolds, this here is as thrilling and breathtaking as any adventure or detective story, colorful, lively, and packed with interest.

Mr. Reynolds did not succeed in landing at Dieppe but he succeeded in giving us a brilliant piece of reporting, a vivid picture of commando fighting, and many heartening anecdotes one is not likely to forget. "For the real story of Dieppe . . . we shall have to wait for the historian."

Quentin Reynolds against the background of Big Ben.

The Operational Picture

WE LANDED AT DAWN. By A. B. Austen. New York: Harcourt, Brace. 1943. 217 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by
SQUADRON LEADER MURRAY HARRIS

THIS is the story of a military operation which required a year's training for an action which lasted some eight hours. The main invading force was landed on a broad strip of beach under the fire of two German coastal batteries capable of laying a barrage sufficient to massacre the landing force and wreck the raid fleet. The job of silencing these batteries was given to Three and Four Commandos, the latter of which successfully attained its objective. But an accidental encounter in the early dawn with a German convoy and its accompanying Flag-ships robbed Three Commando of the element of surprise and it was not able to complete its task as satisfactorily as its opposite number.

No war correspondent ever writes a book without some comment—generally caustic—on censorship. Mr. Austin proves no exception but is not captious and gives us some valuable comparisons. He states that the German war correspondent is a trained soldier subject to discipline, not only in the field but also in his reporting. American military authorities are more forthcoming and American correspondents are spared endless form-filling and carry passes enabling them to move about with the freedom of any soldier: the attitude of the British Command is halfway between the two. The author expatiates at length on the great latitude allowed to war correspondents in Britain and gives as his opinion that such freedom is essential and should only be limited by considerations of security, for the very good reason that the public must know what is going on; the home front is no less important than the front line and millions of readers can win or lose the war by their fire-side.

Mr. Austin assesses the Luftwaffe's first line strength in Western Europe at about five hundred planes and estimates that they lost in the big air battle of that day one quarter and perhaps one third of these in dog fights with British, American, Polish, Norwegian, French, Belgian, and Czech flyers. The morning bombing and cannon gunning was not sufficient to smother the ground defences and for such invasion tasks in future, he believes, a heavier preliminary bombardment from sea and air will be necessary. The Allies lost ninety-eight planes and German controlled losses were as great with an additional 200 probably destroyed or damaged. One of the main objects of the raid was apparently to force the Luftwaffe to fight and so weaken it. We are now seeing the result: German reaction to each new foray of the R.A.F. and Allied Air Forces is obviously growing progressively weaker.

We like this book best when Mr. Austin turns to his own personal comments. After all, tactics in the field are the affair of the military man. It is stirring to read about heroism, particularly when such action pictures are as well handled as in this book. We are glad to have this author's opinion on the broader strategical and tactical concepts of the task which awaits the forces detailed for the coming invasion of Europe.

The Library of Congress has prepared seven albums containing 119 titles in the field of America Folk Song selected as being the best and most representative of the approximately 30,000 recorded songs in the Archive, and these now are ready for general distribution. The records in the set were copied not from studio recordings but from recordings made in the field by such folklorists as Alan Lomax and his father, John Lomax, Honorary Curator of the Archive of American Folk Song.

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The Personal Histories of Chicago

CIANTS GONE: MEN WHO MADE CHICAGO. By Ernest Poole. New York: Whittlesey House. 1943. 354 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by HARRY HANSEN

THE title that Mr. Poole gives this book is a reminder of brochures issued by chambers of commerce, but the contents belie any boastful intentions. Mr. Poole is moved to write about the powerful individuals of Chicago's past because so many of them were friends of his parents and came into his vision when they crossed the paternal threshold, or built a house in the next block, or traded in wheat through the agency of Abram Poole.

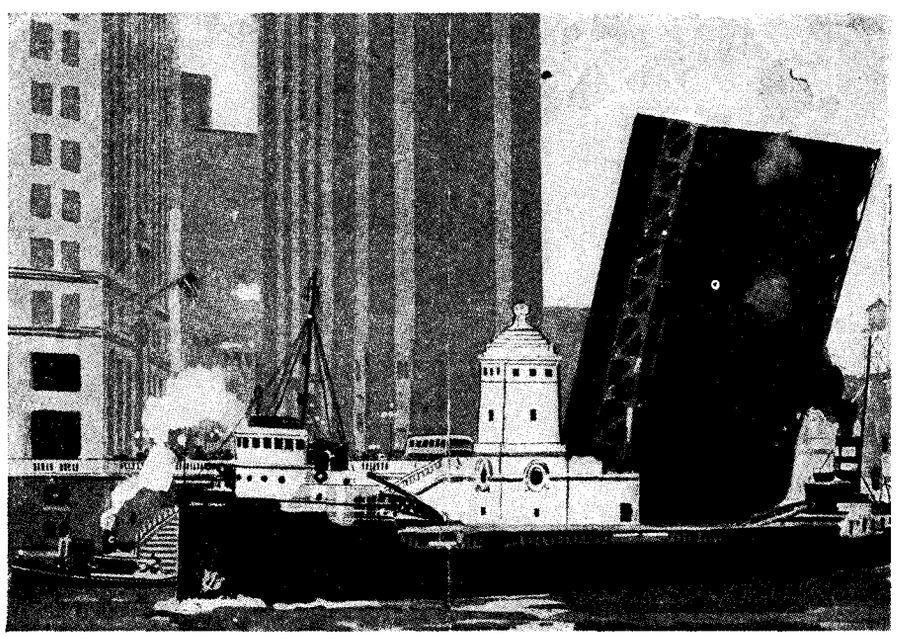
Drawing thus on family memories and supplementing them with the reminiscences of friends, Mr. Poole also writes with that quiet pride in Western achievement that is comparable to the way in which a Frenchman speaks of "mon pays." To understand the warmth and generosity with which Ernest Poole has described men damned by some historians as freebooters and exploiters of labor, we have to recognize the claims of that larger family called Chicago, which has sent its sons all over the country. Mr. Poole could not help seeing these men as human beings first, and although distance and maturity gave him perspective, he never judged them coldly as disembodied social forces.

Cyrus McCormick was dead, but the big brown house he had built was right in the next block, and Madam McCormick—"slender and delicate, dressed in black"—presided graciously as she entertained Mr. Poole's sisters. Marshall Field was the courtly, handsome man who greeted Mrs. Poole when she came to his store with her little boy Ernest; only later could Ernest have decided that Field was hard, uncompromising, and, in relation to the wealth he had won, not especially generous. P. D. Armour was the man his father often represented on the Board of Trade; he was crude, ruthless, and enjoyed passing out money on the street, but he had good traits, too, and Mr. Poole was to remember that when the beef scandal broke out, his father said: "This never would have happened if Old Man Armour had been alive."

Carter Harrison, the World's Fair mayor who let the town run wide open because "you can't legislate morality," is to Mr. Poole a picturesque politician on a horse, a man of "a warm, grandiloquent, personal city in an age that will never be seen any more." Mr. Poole does not overlook his lapses, but he does not make them the whole man. Potter Palmer gambled for huge stakes in real estate and won, and built an expensive hotel, a castle, and bought jewels until he could say of his beautiful wife: "There she stands with two hundred thousand dollars on her." George M. Pullman, who began his Chicago career by raising houses out of the mud with jack screws, expressed his individuality by building a town to house the workers of his factories; Mr. Poole sees it as a dream and notes that when the courts later deprived Pullman of power to run it as he wished, the old sleeping car builder did not long survive the event.

This book is packed with characters and most of them had the energy to grasp opportunity when it came and to act quickly in a crisis. Other strong individuals, with cultural and social interests, affected them and wheedled money out of them for unselfish projects and for beautifying the city that had enriched them. The World's Fair of 1893 was a great unifying force; Mr. Poole writes a glowing account of its "white classic beauty" and warmly praises its architect, Daniel H. Burnham; in no wise does he share the opinion of Frank Lloyd Wright that the fair retarded American architectural development. Dr. Frank Billings and Julius H. Rosenwald get appreciative chapters, and since Mr. Poole saw only Theodore Thomas's back as he conducted his orchestra, he draws on the reminiscences of the late Frederick A. Stock, who succeeded Thomas. One of the best portraits is that of Jane Addams, whom Mr. Poole did not meet until he was in his early 20's, back from settlement work in New York. He sees her as the "prophet of a new era," the era to follow that of the men who, like Pullman, did as they pleased in the age of "one-man rule in industry."

Throughout Mr. Poole retains the genial manner of the host at his own dinner table, even to the extent that when he quotes friends and descendants of his characters, he leaves them anonymous. By avoiding the precision of the historian, the author suggests the elasticity of the human being whose energy puts him in a position of leadership. It is true that these men will not reappear, for today no individual can disregard union labor laws, wages and hours acts, and other limitations on independent action. Mr. Poole sees change, but not solidification: "Chicago finished? It never will be!" It will go "booming on to better things." Having dealt with the city as an agglomeration of individuals, he sees something of their spirit survive in the city that lives on.



—From the end papers of "Chicago," by Harry Hansen.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 465)

LEW SARETT:

ARTICULATE THRUSH

Chant, then, O bird! Tilt back your bill,
Perched on the balsam's nodding cones,
From out the plum-blue shadows spill
Your pebbly tones.
Speak to whatever Cosmic Power
Conjured to surging ecstasy
This day . . . . . .
And speak, sweet bird, for me.

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Success Story

You Can't Keep A Good Book Down

CHARLES A. FERGUSON

WHEN Emery Reves's "A Democratic Manifesto" * was issued last autumn, Hitler had only a yard to go at Stalingrad and, to judge by the headlines, the United Nations were engaged mainly in caterwauling about a second front. It looked as if our side would never get rolling and the prospects of victory, much less peace, in our time were gloomy indeed.

Hence it was hardly to be expected that a slight volume on the wisdom of reorganizing the world should twitterpate booksellers—particularly since the book was written by an obscure fellow and called, of all things, "A Democratic Manifesto." The title sounds like something to hang on the wall. It has, besides being somewhat unrelated to the contents, the further drawback of calling to mind a whole slew of hastily confected books on democracy that were printed in the now ludicrous days when we were solemnly debating whether it might be wise ultimately to go into the war.

Yet the fact is that behind the ambush of that title lurked one of the most incisive books of our generation—a clear, simple, direct statement of the forces that brought on the present debacle and will bring on another as soon as we are rested up unless the average citizen hops to the job of understanding these forces. The book was written with an intense personal conviction, a high enthusiasm that communicates itself to the alert reader, and anyone who took the pains to read the volume could have told that here was a summary of cardinal ideas which would have to be considered in any attempt to think about the post-war world. It offered nothing new but focus and clarity. Learned men, among them Mr. Clyde Eagleton in his "International Government" had been saying this sort of thing for years. Yet, somehow, here was a book that made it all brilliantly clear and brought it home in language that even a wayfaring man could understand.

The publisher recognized the excellence of the book but he had his doubts about the market. It was the old story—a grand job, but who would buy it? Cannily the publisher suggested that the author might get Churchill to sign the book. That would take care of the sales problem nicely. "A Democratic Manifesto" would then create a sensation, not to say a revolution. And there was good reason to suppose, on the surface of things, that Winnie might be persuaded. Emery Reves knew Churchill well. For years he had acted as exclusive literary agent for Churchill and he was on the best of terms with him. The arrangement seemed plausible enough.

But the important thing about the book was that it says the kind of thing Churchill could not sign. Reves knew this only too well. He had discussed the burden of his argument with Churchill time and time again. He would chew the fat genially with Reves, but he would look at his watch and remember an appointment if the conversation got round to a discussion of the attitudes that brought on the present world war and would bring on another unless they were radically changed.

So it was decided that no one but the author would sign the book, and, under the circumstances, the prospect of sale was so slight that the author had to put up $2,000 to cover the cost of publication. The publisher's scepticism was amply justified, and during the first five months after "A Democratic Manifesto" was issued, only 1,300 copies were sold.

But the heartening fact is that, in spite of all the hazards of publishing, the book began gradually to make its way. There is a theory among publishers, often invoked to excuse inaction but doubtless sound just the same, that you can't keep a good book down. It will win a hearing if it merits one. That theory has found abundant confirmation as far as Mr. Reves goes. The way the book began to move and to widen the circle of its influence gives one a comforting sense of the justness of things and makes one inclined to believe that even the ideas which the author so vigorously advocates will one day find the hearing they deserve.

Emery Reves

FIRST came the reviewers. They did their dead level best to apprise the public. Sterling North of the Chicago *Daily News* not only proclaimed the book but began buying copies to give away to friends, chain fashion. Simeon Strunsky in *The New York Times* called it a bold and honest and intelligent book. Louis M. Hacker of *The New York Herald Tribune* saw in it "one of those fascinating pieces of writing that can at one and the same time satisfy the requirements of the most recondite and only the possibly educated." William Allen White called it a sign that at least a few thousand people in the United Nations know the truth. Raymond Gram Swing said: "I know of no book about the problems of a democratic world I would more vigorously recommend for the widest possible reading."

So the book began to pile up quotes, and one who had shrewdly followed the reviews could have seen that here was something special. Ralph Barton Perry of Harvard sent out a stirring letter to 200 college professors.

Impressed with the critical attention the book had received, *The Reader's Digest* tackled a condensation and featured the author's argument in its January issue. This condensed argument is to appear in the April issue of the Spanish and Portuguese editions as well (now enjoying a combined circulation of well over a million copies). The condensation appears in the February issue of the British Isles edition, and the book is scheduled for publication in London this month. Alfred Duff Cooper and other bigwigs are reported (on unimpeachable sources, of course) to be highly interested.

These incidents are important, for they indicate the way in which an inherently sound and highly significant book can beat a path to the public that really wants it. It does not necessarily follow that the sale will ever rival *Mein Kampf*. But the people who do read the book will be strangely influenced by it. It will have an unconscious and long-range as well as an immediate effect on their thinking. As some essayist once pointed out: "Not everybody read 'Das Kapital'; but Lenin read it."

Likewise the effect of this book is not to be measured in terms of its total sale but in the decisive and ex-

*A DEMOCRATIC MANIFESTO. By Emery Reves. New York: Random House. 1942. 142 pp. $1.50.

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citing influence it has on those who catch fire from its ideas while reading it. It is written with holy zeal by a man who is not a theorist but a practical person. For ten years after receiving his doctorate at the University of Zurich, Reves handled the writing output of leading European statesmen. He knew the crazyquilt that is Europe. His feelings about international affairs came with his experience and his judgments with the practical border difficulties he encountered with his business.

The book offers no plan for the reorganization of the world. It is free of lofty metaphysic. It contents itself with a shrewd and unanswerable analysis of the forces that brought on the present conflict. It seeks to drive home only one point—the absolute necessity of subordinating nationalism to interdependence. It does not attempt to solve the whole problem, but it lays down the principles without which that problem cannot be solved.

Thus all who read the book will find themselves coming back to it again and again in their thinking and in their talking. It gives one a sense of inner wisdom and a real desire to understand what must be done.

The Economic and Political Equation

SHORTAGE OF VICTORY. By Gabriel Javsicas. New York: Appleton-Century Co. 1943. 272 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by FRANK KINGDON

MR. JAVSICAS here analyzes carefully the effect of modern industrialism upon the structure of the political state. He sees clearly that in our present society the old line of demarcation between politics and business has lost its definition, for in large areas, and these the decisive ones, economic and political policies act and react upon each other so directly that no partitions divide their bounds. He goes one step farther, and this is where his thinking is original. He isolates the specifically industrial factors in our society and describes their influence upon political action.

If a state mobilizes its industry for war it can produce, over a long period of time, so many of the instruments of modern mechanized warfare as to make itself the sure victor in a struggle, at a time chosen by itself, against states which have ignored war preparation in their preoccupation with consumer's goods. Modern machinery provides a nation ambitious for world conquest, and patient enough to take time to prepare, with a more substantial chance to realize its ambition than any such state has ever had in history. War in our contemporary world, therefore, loses its quality of spontaneity. "No longer can a nation rise as one man and smite the enemy. The conveyor-belt has made war a long premeditated enterprise, chained to time."

He interprets totalitarianism, not only as a state thus organized for full war production, but as an actual product of the dynamism within the industrial idea. That is, modern industrial developments are forcing changes in social alignment and political practices. Their general tendency is toward the centralization of power in the state. This, carried to one extreme conclusion, produces the totalitarian state, which is thus a symptom of forces we cannot ignore, but with which we must come to terms if we are not going to end up with the same kind of dismal, monolithic organization.

War is accepted as a logical means of the main business of a totalitarian state, for it loses interest in human values. Men are good or bad only as they fit, or fail to fit, into the efficient state. The totalitarian becomes so infatuated with the machine that the man becomes relatively incidental, and so is accounted cheap. This makes his state poor in the pursuits of peace, but extraordinarily powerful in war, when men are expendable and machines precious.

How then can democratic states devoted to using industrial achievement for human happiness, which means increasing consumer goods, hope to maintain themselves against the threat of totalitarian states dedicated to war? Mr. Javsicas declares that our present situation points the answer. Germany had all the advantage at the opening of this war because she was at a peak of preparedness while the democratic nations were still unprepared. If she had not struck quite so soon, but had taken a little extra time to be even better prepared, she might have had the world at her feet. This means one conclusion. Any nation that takes upon itself a totalitarian government of the Nazi kind must hereafter be treated as one that has committed an act of aggression against its neighbors.

In the preparation for modern war, time is the decisive factor. The strategy of the democracies must begin with the decision to act in time. Diplomacy's chief sin from now on is procrastination. Hereafter, when a people renounces liberty it must be considered to have given its governors a mandate to wage war. At this point the internal government of a state becomes a matter of high interest to international policy.

To support his argument, the author reviews the recent history of Germany, Russia, France, Britain, and the United States. This is familiar material, but it gets new illumination from being examined from this particular point of view. It also suffers as objective reporting from a natural tendency in the author to make history support his thesis. We should not quarrel with it too much. Modern history can be lighted from many angles yet before we shall read it intelligently enough to save our future from our past follies.

This is a serious book by an original thinker. It will stimulate any reader interested in new ideas. Its thesis is one that cannot fail to quicken the mind of any thoughtful student of contemporary world politics.

—*From the drawing by Johann Bull*

Lebensraum

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Balzac and Robinson Notwithstanding

THE HUMAN COMEDY. By William Saroyan. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1943. 291 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

WILLIAM SAROYAN might have called this book "Hamlet," or "Don Quixote," or "The Holy Bible," but it is apparent that the world is too much with him in these war days, and with a new and startling humility the bashful Saroyan asks for this book no more than comparison with the collected works of that old blageur Balzac. Briefly and brutally, this book does not bear the comparison, because, though Balzac, too, in the manner of his time, was given to windy sermons in the middle of his action, he persistently interrupted his homilies with stern and narrative purpose and generally achieved an integrated story before he was through.

This "first novel" is no more a novel than the daily journals of your maiden Aunt Jane. It deals generally with the lightly related experiences of a fourteen-year-old Postal Telegraph messenger, Homer, and his four-year-old brother, Ulysses. The episodes include a 220-yard hurdle race, the seizure of Ulysses by a painless (being Saroyan) bear trap, the appetites of a fruit peddler's infant, the romance of a telegraph branch manager, the stealing of apricots, and many other matters. Underneath some more or less clever tales runs a vein of reflection which did not originate in the time of Saroyan; nor even that of Victoria.

The problems of Man, how he should behave, the nature of death, the paradox of war, underlie these ostensibly frivolous sketches. Saroyan has always got away with murder in his sentimentally naive sermonettes by pretending to be a mere reporter of a way of life. We are not all Saroyans. The thesis of "There is so much good in the worst of us," is cloying if it is not sometimes relieved by the theme, "There is so much bad in the best of us."

Some of these sketches are amusing, though none as funny as the big high-jumping sketch in "My Name Is Aram," and most of them have the tenderness that is characteristic of all the author's writing, but he has worked his "Good-will to men" prop some way beyond the grounds of reality or even credibility.

Send GOOD books to
the Victory Book Campaign,
Saturday Review Family,
25 W. 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

William Saroyan

On a Cattle Ranch

THE HAPPY MAN. By Robert Easton. New York: The Viking Press. 1943. 221 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

NOTHING is more difficult to review, I think, than a first book displaying a certain order of talent. The danger of the reviewer is that he may adopt a tone of condescension or that, catching himself up in a false Olympian mood, he may, in order to avoid complacency, announce the discovery of new talent in terms too noble for the occasion. And there is also a tendency to tell the new writer what to do rather than to evaluate what he has accomplished.

Mr. Easton's "The Happy Man," a series of sketches about life on a great California cattle ranch, is full of good writing. One finds in it a happy union of two rather opposite qualities: the slow, easy rhythm of, let us say, "The Virginian" of famous memory; and a capacity to observe and put down sharply, rich, significant detail. Almost any one of his sketches is a pleasurable experience.

The difficulty is that his book is centrifugal rather than centripetal. His sketches take the ranch as a point of departure instead of focussing upon it. His tales are told, or are supposed to be told, by a young greenhorn after his arrival at the ranch, but even this fiction is soon abandoned in order that Mr. Easton may see the ranch through the eyes of more experienced cowhands. Since there is no dominant point of view, the material fails to be focussed upon the unit of human life that is being depicted.

Because Mr. Easton reports both ably and sympathetically, it is to be hoped that he will in another volume solve the problem of structure which his approach to material sets before him.

Messrs. L.-O.-B.-W. on Pioneer Spirit

THE LAND I LIVE. By Stephen Longstreet. New York: Random House. 1943. 434 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by CHARLES G. ESCOURT

THE title of this book may be an error of sorts but it is not, as it would appear, a typographical error. It is pretentious and it is tricky; those are the two faults that mar what might easily have been a top-flight novel. Mr. Longstreet does a better job than one of his alter egos, the hero of this book and the author of the recently published "The Sound of an American," David Ormsbee. Mr. Longstreet-Ormsbee-Burton-Wiener and Tiffany Thayer ought to get together and be a baseball team.

Dave Ormsbee, the narrator of this story, was the youngest of four sons in a family of Allegheny "pioneers"—people returned from the West in the middle 1800's to establish farms close to the young cities. The "Antioch" of this book is Pittsburgh scaled down about two-thirds. Antioch, with coal and steel, squeezes in on the Ormsbees with various effects. It crushes Dave's father and quietly ejects as much of his grandfather as it cannot digest, amoeba fashion. It is excitement for Dave's shrewish, affectionate, unreasonable mother who spends the book and most of her husband's money looking for a million dollars with the dim lantern of her wits, Colonel Sellers fashion.

Dris Ormsbee is the hero of the book however; Antioch squeezes him up and up till at the end of the story he is nominated for the Presidency of the United States. But he has a tortured time of it between his essential idealism and a practical realism that forces him into all kinds of compromises both in his practice of law and his political career.

The love story of Dris is very well done; he is devoted to his wife but can hardly find time for her, so she dies and he marries another one who finds time for him. Dave's own story is the tragedy of never wanting anything enough to make any special effort to get it, not even life.

The other two brothers are largely waste motion in the story, but Vicky, the mother, is memorable.

The whole business makes one feel that if Mr. L.-O.-B.-W. would let the Destiny of Man and the Destiny of America and Oh, the Pity of It All alone for a while and try simply telling a first-rate story he would be quite likely to manage the business and do a corking good job at it.

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TRANSITION

WITH the college year drawing towards its close and the prospect of academic halls being given over to training for military purposes, the nation is confronted with a situation which will not be settled when the guns of war are silenced. For we will have then a large body of young men who were snatched from the pursuit of learning when they had barely escaped from the adolescent stage, and who will come back to the universities, if they come back at all, men who have faced death and who in gazing on the bright face of danger have undoubtedly found themselves suddenly aware of values in life which otherwise it might have taken them years of living to grasp. They will no longer be boys whose studies were to be pursued either for the acquisition of a liberal education or as the means to business or a profession but youth hardened in the school of suffering, impatient of fripperies, demanding and entitled to their place in the world for which they have sacrificed the normal happiness of young years. If they are to resume their college education at all, it will have to be in universities which recognize the transmutation through which they will have passed, whose courses will be adjusted to minds matured by the urgency of a transcendent experience, which can offer them light and leading in meeting the enormous problems for which their efforts were spent, and can make college seem a step toward the consummation of that world for which they fought.

The generation which saw the bright hopes of the Versailles Peace fade into discord and strife, saw too the sapping of the ardor of the young men who had helped to bring it about. The literature of disillusionment which represents the best writing talent of the younger generation of America after the First World War was no mere belated development of the trend toward realism already noticeable in the country before the outbreak of the conflict, or postponed response to the French naturalism which had been spreading outside the confines of its own land, but the sharp realization of the maladjustments and cankers of its civilization on the part of a youth which had gone to battle acquiescent in the common belief that American life was wholly good. They had come back from the war cherishing the vision they had nursed of a land that was gracious, bountiful, and harmonious, and their sharpened sight had discovered it full of imperfections and sores. They came back bringing with them a fund of idealism which, if it could have been canalized, might have prevented the excesses of the twenties and the tragedy of the depression, and which, what with the inevitable let-down which followed upon their release from service, and the relaxation of the national morale, found itself frustrated and was drained off into bitterness against the social America to which they had returned. The writers were articulate and able to express their discontent, but there were thousands and thousands of their fellows who passed through the same psychological experience without having the catharsis of writing.

There will be thousands and thousands and thousands more of American youth this time when the guns cease to fire who will have achieved a premature maturity in the crucible of war, who will have lived with dreams while they were away, and who will return to a world which, having saved it, it will be theirs to shape. And vast numbers of them will be hardly more than boys whose education was arrested at the threshold of learning, and who will bring to the resumption of their studies an intensity of emotional experience which must inevitably make college living and college work pallid and flat.

What an enormous opportunity and what a fearsome task! If the universities can so shape their curricula that these men can turn their idealism, their discipline, their release into peaceful living into directed effort to consolidate those values for which the war was fought, if they can see a continuum in their lives, the years of sacrifice leading to unmolested opportunity for the fulfilment of their hopes, they will still be able to find in their universities that intellectual excitement which is the best that the college has to give. They will be the lawgivers and the engineers and the political scientists, the teachers and the ministers of the future and if their morale can be maintained at high pitch during the difficult years of adjustment to peace and their spirit communicated to their fellows outside the college walls, they may go far indeed toward building a brave new world. But it will be up to the universities to feed them the food that men demand and not the pap which might suffice for untried lads. A. L.

The Guardians

By Sergeant J. P. Wright

THEY are betrayed, they are defeated;
They know the bungle and confusion.
The rearguard army that retreated

Into a marsh of disillusion.
They are the thinkers and the dreamers
With standards false inoculated,
Who wave no gaily-coloured streamers
Of Church or State in doctrines dated.

Faithless, they have no faith to lose,
So will endure the darkest hour
When strong men pay to death their dues,
And power breaks itself on power.

Young men demoralized, too tired
To turn against your life's betrayers;
Your conduct holds brave men inspired,
Strange guardians of a nation's prayers.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE ART OF SUFFOCATION

SIR:—Mr. Barzun's pointed and well-founded article hints rather than fully expresses a fact which deserves emphasis: that the evil which he combats is nowhere more prevalent than in textbooks of pedagogy, to whose debasing example all who aspire to be teachers are required to submit themselves. Thus these works do all that example can to make the school-teachers a fifth column sabotaging the efforts of those who would work for good English.

A great munition for this same fifth column is manufactured by the laudable wish to have all examination papers uniformly marked so that one teacher's markings will agree with another's on the same paper. The result is a crop of textbooks which give rules with wooden rigidity and require the students to be marked right or wrong according to the rigidity with which they follow the rule, because if marks were to be given on a basis of good taste or literary effectiveness they would vary according to the individual teacher's taste. Of course such rigid rules are usually partly wrong—sometimes mainly wrong.

One count in Mr. Barzun's indictment against Partridge is his insistence that non-temporal "while" must be changed to "whereas" even when the result is rubbish. I know a supposedly authoritative American manual of good English that commits the same crime. I do not know that it has had a large sale; but I know it has considerably influenced the editorial preparation of manuscripts for a very conscientious publisher of schoolbooks. More munitions for the fifth column. (A school textbook would say that "more munitions for the fifth column" is a bad English sentence, or at least wrongly punctuated with period before and after, because it has no subject and verb.)

He points to the clash between Partridge's theory that "between" several things is wrong and Partridge's practice in speaking of "confusion between" four words, but does not make it clear in which place Partridge errs. The practice is right and the theory is wrong. See the great Oxford Dictionary.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

Ballard Vale, Mass.

THE PLACE OF THE POET

SIR:—William Hassett's plea for the aloofness of the poet [*SRL,* Jan. 30], is so confused that he seems to be living today with cotton stuffed in his ears and rose-colored spectacles perched on his nose. He seems to have forgotten Wordsworth's "emotion recollected in tranquility" definition.

The spirit which inspires Archibald MacLeish and the spirit which produced Millay's "Lidice" are hardly comparable because of the variance of their intended effects and because of the fact that MacLeish wrote through intimate knowledge of experience with intellectuals while Millay wrote through secondary awareness of a great tragedy.

No one is asking a poet to "stab the enemy to death with a pen point." This is a real war, not a figurative one. But everyone honestly concerned with the state of the world and the state of the literature which reflects that world knows that if the leaders of the United States of America and of England in the Post War Era had had engraved on their very souls the poem published by Siegfried Sassoon after the First World War, we would not now be straining our eyes as we search through the published war casualty lists for the names of our loved ones.

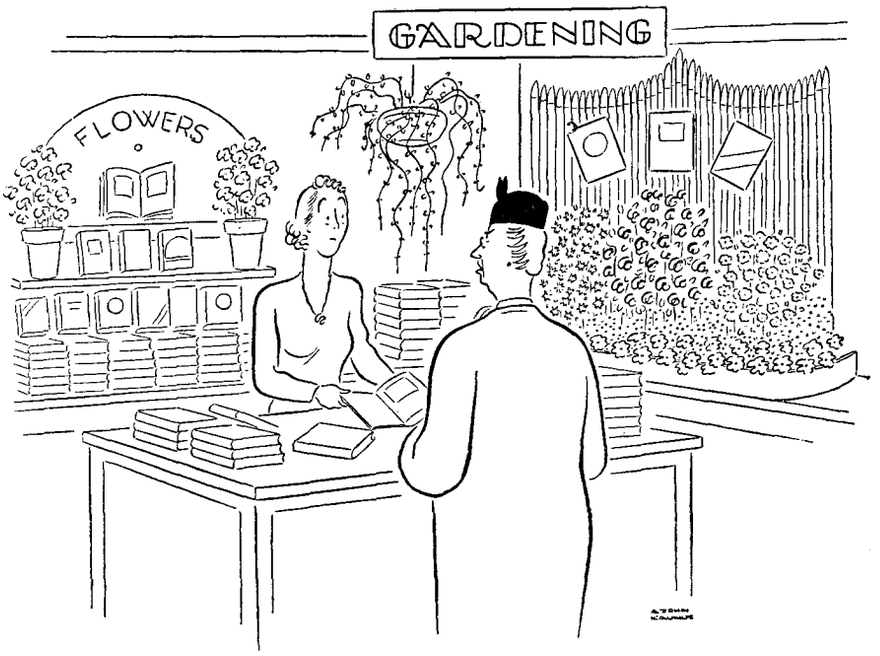
I quote from Sassoon's "Aftermath":

Have you forgotten yet? . . .
Look down, and swear by the slain of the War that you'll never forget . . .
Do you remember the rats; and the stench
of corpses rotting in front of the front-line trench,—
And dawn coming, dirty-white, and chill with a hopeless rain?
Do you ever stop and ask, "Is it all going to happen again?" . . .
Do you remember the stretcher-cases lurching back
With dying eyes and lolling heads, those ashen-grey
Masks of the lads who once were keen and kind and gay? . . .
Have you forgotten yet? . . .
Look up, and swear by the green of the Spring that you'll never forget.

No man can be a poet if he remains "aloof from this conflict." He must bathe in the waters of blood which flowed from Bataan. Then and only then, when he is ready to recollect in tranquility, will he be lifted to the peaks of poetic production by that power of the holy spirit which is the source of all poetic creation.

JEAN M. JACKSON.

San Francisco.



Reprinted from SRL, June 8, 1933

"From the last book I bought here, I got nothing but weeds."

LITERARY SUSCEPTIBILITY

SIR:—The Nov. 28th edition of *The Saturday Review* arrived only today. The "letters to the editor" were unusually interesting. Those of Bernadotte E. Schmitt and Bernard J. Mullaney serve only to give added point to the admirable "Open Letter," an editorial, in your issue of November 8th. Some future historian will pounce gratefully upon them in collecting source material for his study of the peculiar susceptibility of literary people to the sort of propaganda that appeals to the baser passions and to ignoble ideals.

A curious parallel may be observed in Germany where the only articulate opposition to Nazi propaganda and action came not from the literary and university circles, but from the Church. Incidentally, the same Church which is now eyed askance because she continues to preach love and brotherhood, after the war will be blamed once more for having patriotically supported the war effort. And among her critics will probably be found some of the people who breathed fire and brimstone at the celebrated meeting referred to in your editorial.

WILLIAM G. ARBAUGH.

Santurce, P. R.

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Conn. Foursome

THE CONNECTICUT WITS. By Leon Howard. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1943. *xii* + 453 *pp.* $4.50.

Reviewed by M. A. DeWolfe Howe

PROFESSOR Howard of Northwestern University must have had his future readers clearly in view when he embarked on the large enterprise of research and presentation that bear fruit in this book, and he must have known that they were the readers for whom the specialist performs his priestlike task of learning more and more about less and less. Certainly it cannot be argued, when all is said and done about the "Connecticut Wits," that their writings fall into any category of "more and more" importance. Indeed we have Professor Howard's own word for it that the period of American literature to which they belonged is "more interesting and important than any of the literature it actually produced."

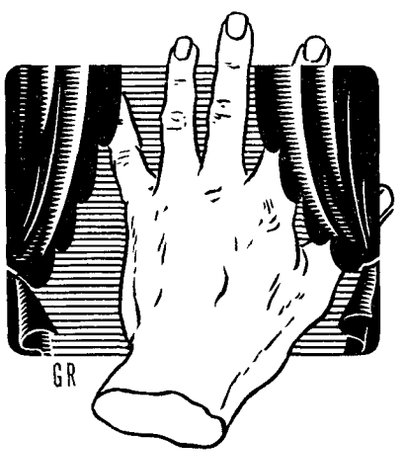
In American history the period of the four Wits of Professor Howard's chief concern—John Trumbull, Timothy Dwight, David Humphreys, and Joel Barlow—was a period of extreme importance, for the American Revolution came soon after its beginning and the War of 1812 soon before its end. The four writers who had the eighteenth century Yale College for their common "Point of Departure," and in later life took widely divergent paths, deserve as well of a sympathetic student as any other American quartette of the time. In truth there was no corresponding group anywhere else, and, at this time when the best writing in America was political, it is doubtful whether there were any four individual writers to whom Professor Howard's somewhat overworked word "belletristic" could be so aptly applied. This was long before James Russell Lowell dealt so scornfully with the Yale poet, James Gates Percival, as to elicit from Professor Henry A. Beers the plaintive cry, "Why could they not leave us our one little ewe lamb—they of the abundant mutton?" The better mutton of poetry was truly none too abundant at either Cambridge or New Haven between 1776 and 1812.

It is to Professor Howard's credit that he does not overrate the writings of his Wits. Perhaps that is why one is startled by the isolated statement that "Dwight's aphoristic advice, however, was superior to Franklin's." Such meticulous care has gone into the analytic study of all the writings of all the Wits that none of their merits could have passed unnoticed. Their historical and cultural backgrounds are studied with the same thoroughness of scholarship. For readers who may wish to proceed with researches of their own the Check List and the Bibliographical Notes provide the amplest guidance—though for some reason not into the direction of Parrington and Beers.

In general the book must be regarded as a scholar's book for scholars. Yet amateurs of history and literature will welcome the fresh light it throws on various aspects of our national beginnings—political, intellectual, and social. For all the efforts of these Connecticut writers to declare their independence in the field of letters, they were colonial and derivative as only the frankest imitators of Swift, Butler, Churchill, Pope, and—at the longest interval—Milton could be. In their several views, Barlow, for instance, could go as far leftward through his sympathy with Tom Paine and the French Revolution as Timothy Dwight, champion of "things as they are" and guardian of Yale orthodoxy, went rightward. There is nothing more encouraging in all their record than this very diversity—a tendency not commonly associated with the Yale of history.

With its four subjects, the book presented a problem of arrangement which might have been better solved by avoiding the potato-race method of repeated startings. The writing in general is competent and agreeable, with only occasional departures from clarity such as the remark that Humphreys "did not have the provincial inability to view the situation without hysteria which characterized Timothy Dwight." The University of Chicago Press has produced a handsome book, subject to the one reservation that the type of quoted passages is of a smallness which, especially with prose, seems more appropriate to footnotes than to the body of the text.

But away with minutiae! The book is a valuable contribution to the study of American literature and life in a particular field to which no such minute and comprehensive scrutiny has hitherto been directed.



Smith Variorum

TURN OF THE DIAL. By Chard Powers Smith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1943. 199 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by Paul Stringer

THE difficulty with this book is that it does precisely what radio is always, and properly, blamed for doing—it has too many announcements for the amount of accompanying entertainment. A great part of the short text is given over to lengthy speeches on the state of the world and particularly that of the American people, by Hitler, Roosevelt, and the hero of the book; the story is thin and occasional.

Also, the argument is largely de post facto. The ideas which the editor hero preaches were nearly all commonplace acceptances of most American people by the beginning of 1942. Most Americans felt that profound powers of evil, with which we would inevitably come in conflict, were loose in the world, months and years before this country was physically attacked.

These lectures—the Roosevelt and Hitler texts are known, of course, to everyone who ordinarily reads a newspaper or listens to radio—are accompanied by the story of an idealistic newspaper editor and publisher who starts a radio station in a medium-sized Eastern town. The editor is disgusted from the first by the sissy blathering of his announcer and his mendacious, Hitlerian reiterations on the qualities of diapers and toothpaste. The preacher on the program is a cheap, venal, little hound who quotes Bruce Barton on Christ's qualities as a salesman; two of the sponsors are a Big Businessman who is honest but very individualistic, and a corporation counsel who is virtually Nazi. The latter is able to assign most of the commercials of his clients and this, God wot, is something new and strange in radio advertising. In fact, Mr. Smith does not seem to know a great deal about radio or advertising or radio advertising. For example, a radio station with one half-hour on the air a day, one announcer, fifteen minutes of commercials and one technician, would not be worth operating if it had Charles McCarthy, Kate Smith, and Mrs. Roosevelt every day.

The editor pitches out the preacher and announcer and goes coöperative. The dutiful love interest, rather carelessly infused, is so slight as to be negligible. No, this is a series of lectures by Mr. Smith on radio commercials, democracy, Russia, dictatorship, Americanism, slightly sugar-coated as fiction, without much that is fresh or moving about it.

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THE HAPPY MAN

by Robert Easton

THE VIKING PRESS 18 East 48th Street, N. Y.

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Dream-World of Childhood

THE MAGICAL REALM. By Kathleen Coyle. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1943. 314 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by MABEL S. ULRICH

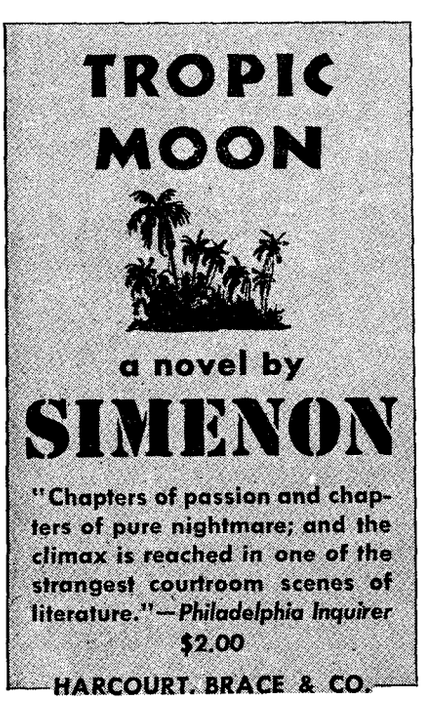
THE Magical Realm for Kathleen Coyle is the dream-world of childhood—that period of life that begins in darkness and ends with "our emergence from a state of dream into reality." I know of no one who has recaptured the wonder, fears, ecstacies, and anguish of the unfolding child with equal poignancy, beauty, and conviction. Too often autobiographers tell us of their childhood in terms of grown-up interpretations. But Miss Coyle's child world is so magically revealed it haunts us long after we have emerged from her pages so that we go back to our commonplace tasks blinking, in a daze of echoes from a lost paradise. Not that there is anything here to remind us of the outward circumstances of our own childhood. Miss Coyle grew up in a land and a family far removed from any most of us have experienced. Our nostalgia is for the heightened awareness of all sensory life she makes us feel we once shared with her.

The little Kathleen grew up in Northern Ireland when her family, she tells us, was in "a Cherry Orchard condition." It sprang originally from the famous Kinel-Owens, great lords of the sixth century, but her mother was the sole survivor of her generation and "the tide was going out." But the stories still lived and were stored in her memory by the beautiful grandmother —she who still cherished the love of one of Lincoln's soldiers—and by the great aunts, two ancient ladies who sat on either side of the fireplace like ornaments. All the personalities that surrounded the impressionable little girl shimmered with color and excitement: the exquisite, baffled mother who loved flowers and singing, the irresponsible, passionately-loved father who stormed in and out of their lives bringing terror and laughter and disorder ("The peace without him made you long for him, and then when he was there, the peacefulness became an agony"), the live Great Aunts Ann and Brigid, and the dead, bizarre Jane, and Catherine who lost her wits for love, the servants, the French governess and the English tutor, the dogs, the cats, the donkeys. All vibrate in ambient light, their feet just above the ground, but their outlines as clear as those of a red barn against a bank of thunderclouds. All are invoked by means of vivid, disconnected incidents and overheard conversations—"the hazardous quality of our initiations"—the pattern forming only as the child grew and fitted each piece in its place.

> We grow up. We are shot through incidents into the morality of the world. But the constant that steadies us out is the beauty and mystery of life. In our first freshness we miss nothing of it. . . . Death and wonder and delight drop upon us from the blue.

But with the approach of adolescence "The Dream cracks and we are impelled to join the pilgrimage, to become one of others . . ." When this has happened to Kathleen, and how subtly we are shown her transition, the story has been told, and Miss Coyle turns back to give us the history of her ancestors and of her beloved Derry.

"The Magical Realm" is an exquisite and subtle book. But it is not precious. It is too vital for that. Its sensitive prose is perfectly attuned to its subject. It could have been written only by one who had grown up in Ireland, one who is a poet no less than an accomplished novelist.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The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE BLACK ANGEL *Cornell Woolrich* (Crime Club: $2.)	Husband's loss of interest worries adoring "Angel Face" wife, but when he faces chair for love-nest slaying, she gets busy.	Wife's long and hazardous hunt for evidence that will free erring spouse is well packed with action and burling with emotion.	Chest-heaver
BURY ME NOT *William Francis* (Morrow: $2.)	Brash private detective Martin, hired to watch coffin of coal-king, encounters restless corpse, two murders, and romance.	Brisk, breezy, and indecorous affair, somewhat overdone both in grimness and buffoonery but easy going for unsqueamish addicts.	Pretty tough
MURDER WEARS A MUMMERS MASK *Brett Halliday* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Desert rat and young actress die violently in Central City Col., where Mike Shayne and wf. are vacationing. Michael gets busy.	Away from customary Florida surroundings, Mr. Shayne seems somewhat reserved. Background interesting and tale moves swiftly enough.	Fair enough
CORPSES AT INDIAN STONES *Philip Wylie* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Archaeologist Agamemnon Telemachus Plum solves two murders near N. Y. country estate, also loses beard and heart.	Smoothly written and craftily constructed yarn of double death and missing treasure, with pleasant characters and adequate thrills.	According to Hoyle
INTRIGUE *Eric Ambler* (Knopf: $2.95)	Four Ambler espionage yarns in one bountiful volume with introduction by Alfred Hitchcock.	For "A Coffin for Demetrios" alone it's worth its weight in coffee, and the other yarns are almost likewise.	Necessary
MURDER BY INCHES *Stanley Hopkins, Jr.* (Harcourt Brace: $2.)	Poisoning of Long Island editor awakens latent detecting ability of urbane Mr. Marrell.	Percipient amateur, with help of pretty girl narrator, breezes through stirring situations.	Diverting
FOCUS ON MURDER *Dale Clark* (Lippincott: $2.)	Photographer Johnny Kendall develops evidence that ensnares killer of gaudy private 'tec and cousin of axe-damaged doctor.	Diary of "deathdealer" adds to interest of agreeably pungent small town crime chronicle—which begins better than it ends.	Readable

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What H.M.R.N. Can Do

FIREDRAKE. By A. D. Divine. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1943. 251 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

ALMOST any book is the most important of the war these days but there has been considerably less competition for the title of the most interesting. The current volume will do as the British navy's entry in the latter sweepstakes until a better one comes along. In fact it will do very nicely as the best presentation of the British navy and its job that the war has produced, though in form only the story of a single ship.

H.M.S. Firedrake was a member of the Eighth flotilla, whose names all began with F. When news of the war came over the loud speaker the coxswain said, "About bloody well time, too," and she went to work. At first it was anti-submarine patrol in the North Sea during the days of the phoney war, which did not prevent the work from being harrassing and exhausting to the last degree, so that everyone aboard practically fell into his bunk without thinking of recreation when the necessity for repairs brought them to port for the only rest they had. Then the Norwegian campaign and *Firedrake* was bombed in a fjord where she could not move and saw a big French destroyer blow herself up by accident, and put to sea inevitably on the eve before every holiday, and got a new anti-aircraft gun, and no glory but only hard work and everybody missing all the things they wanted.

Then she went to the Mediterranean with the famous Force H and had a brush with the Italian fleet off Sardinia but the enemy ran away. Then she went up to the bombardment of Genoa. There was eight months of the Mediterranean cruise, which terminated abruptly as *Firedrake* got in under some of the German bombs off Malta and was so heavily hit that the admiral ordered her crew to abandon ship. But they hung on and brought her through to Gibraltar with a hole in her side so big that a boat was rowed in and out again, and they were not a little surprised to see flags and celebrations for them—not because of their feat in getting home, which is something the Royal Navy takes in its stride, but because with its arrival at Gibraltar *H.M.S. Firedrake* had been a million miles at sea since the outbreak of the war.

It is all here in a book remarkable for its restraint and for the fact that the ship is always the hero. There is never a name mentioned, and one is willing not to have a name mentioned; the people are only subsidiary. It is all here but the epilogue which appeared in the morning papers of January 5, this year:

"The Board of Admiralty regret to announce the loss of *H.M.S. Firedrake* (Commander E. H. Tilden.) Next of kin of casualties have been notified."

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

FOUR-WORD QUOTATIONS

Here is a list of four-word quotations. Can you match them with the proper poets? Allowing 5 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 25.

1. All, all are gone.	( ) Arnold
2. All smiles stopped together.	( ) Browning
3. Come, read to me.	( ) Burns
4. Disturb not her dream.	( ) Emerson
5. Heard melodies are sweet.	( ) Frost
6. He rode all unarmed.	( ) Gray
7. Her high-born kinsmen came.	( ) Henley
8. Home is the sailor.	( ) Hood
9. I bring fresh flowers.	( ) Housman
10. I summon up remembrance.	( ) Keats
11. It's not elves exactly.	( ) Lamb
12. Let not Ambition mock.	( ) Longfellow
13. Lovely is the rose.	( ) Masefield
14. My head is bloody.	( ) Poe
15. She had three lilies.	( ) Rossetti
16. Strew on her roses.	( ) Scott
17. Take her up tenderly.	( ) Shakespeare
18. The embattled farmers stood.	( ) Shelley
19. The long trick's over.	( ) Stevenson
20. Twenty will not come again.	( ) Wordsworth

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AISHAH

Beloved of Mohammed

By Nabia Abbott

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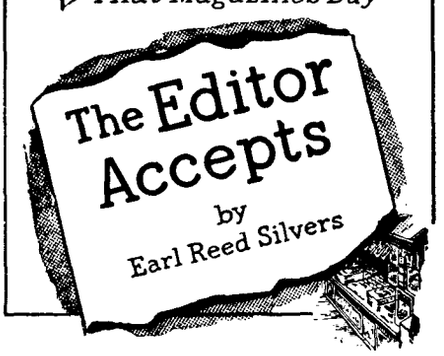

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TRADE Winds

"DON'T FORGET," cautioned Ye Ed over the phone, "that the February 27th issue is our special garden number." What are we supposed to do about it? As Mildred Smith, of *Publishers' Weekly,* and Geraldine Gordon, of the Hathaway House Bookshop, discovered gleefully when we wandered together through the flower gardens at Mt. Vernon, we can't tell the difference between a lilac bush and a sprig of poison ivy. When we decided to pull down the clothes lines and transform our own back yard into a city garden, we called up Mrs. Max Schuster, turned over the keys of the house to her, and went to California. Mrs. Schuster had won a first prize at the World's Fair, but we weren't prepared for the transformation she effected in that two-by-four plot of ours. She's even got two dogwood trees in the corners, not to mention a lot of flowers whose names we can't pronounce. We've discovered the perfect way to keep our garden looking fresh and beautiful. Every time it begins to seem a bit frayed at the edges, we persuade some magazine to take a few pictures of it. Two days before the photographers are due, we warn Ray Schuster of their impending arrival and, like magic, she turns up with two truckloads of new flowers and hedges. The only magazine left on our list, however, is Dun and Bradstreet's, so this Spring, by golly, we're going to learn to sprinkle our own lawn . . .

WE REMEMBER a boy-and-girl routine on garden procedure that used to wow the customers at the Sunday night entertainments at Schroon Lake Camp. Roughly, it went as follows:

He: It says on this package of seeds that they take two years to bloom.

She: I know, but I bought them from last year's catalogue. But say, what are you jumping up and down like crazy for?

He: I'm raising mashed potatoes. Why are you turning those cucumber seeds inside out?

She: So when they grow they will have dimples instead of warts. How do you like my chrysanthemums?

He: They look like roses to me. How do you spell "chrysanthemums" anyhow?

She: K-r-i-s . . . Aw nuts, I guess they're roses after all.

And so on into the night . . .

A MID-TOWN DRY GOODS EMPORIUM once experienced a considerable commotion in its seed department. A lady had just buried her beloved spouse and bought several packets of carnation seeds with which to decorate the grave. Then she went off to Europe to forget. Several months later all Hell broke loose in the seed department. It seems that when the lady came home and visited the cemetery, she found her husband's grave completely covered with rhubarb. "I don't know what she was screaming so about," said the executive who told us the story. "We were perfectly willing to refund her the price of the seeds" . . .

ENOUGH OF THIS shilly-shallying on a subject we know nothing about. We will now discuss books. (And we'll have no wise cracks from subscribers either!) . . . That new omnibus of four spy stories by Eric Ambler, published under the general title of "Intrigue," contains an introduction by Alfred Hitchcock. Ambler's "Journey into Fear" is the best spy novel of the past ten years, and "A Coffin for Demetrios" is only half a jump behind . . . No, Veronica, Lawrence's novel was *not* named "Lady Satterlee's Lover." How could you make such an errol? . . . Doubleday is rushing Eddie Rickenbacker's rescue story to completion, (it will be called "Seven Came Through") and Lippincott is reviving his old "Fighting the Flying Circus," first published a quarter of a century ago . . . We understand that the State Department will not enthuse over Wendell Willkie's forthcoming volume . . . W. W. Norton and Company have distributed with their current catalogue an invaluable little handbook to assist their authors in the preparation of shipshape manuscripts. If you can wangle a copy of this handbook, we strongly suggest that you do so. We also strongly suspect that Warder Norton is not going to thank us for this tip . . .

SRL drawings by Renato

TWO "MUST" BOOKS on the new Viking list are Stefan Zweig's autobiography, "The World of Yesterday," and Carl Van Doren's "Mutiny in January," the dramatic story of a little-known episode in the course of the American Revolution. A group of soldiers from the Pennsylvania Line mutinied and established themselves at Princeton, New Jersey; for an agonizing moment the whole fate of Washington's Army depended on the disarming, or regaining of the allegiance of these mutineers. This is the kind of story that Carl Van Doren can tell better than anyone else in America . . . Colonel Darryl Zanuck's day-by-day account of his adventures as head of the U. S. Combat Film Unit in Africa will be published under the title of "Tunis Expedition." Damon Runyon will write the foreword, and the book will be illustrated with official photographs by the Signal Corps. In peacetime Colonel Zanuck is head of the Twentieth Century-Fox Film Studios. He is only one of a number of outstanding Hollywood personalities who have passed up commissions that promised absolute security at home in order to take assignments in the front lines for which they were especially qualified. The motion picture industry has done a conspicuously good job in this war, and it's time that somebody besides the editors of Hollywood trade papers gets up on his hind legs to say so . . .

SPEAKING OF HOLLYWOOD, the fifteenth annual Academy Award for the best motion picture of the year will be made on March fourth. Of the ten pictures nominated, exactly half were taken from books: "Mrs. Miniver," "King's Row," "The Magnificent Ambersons," "The Pied Piper," and "Random Harvest." The other five nominations are "The Invaders," "The Pride of the Yankees," "The Talk of the Town," "Wake Island," and "Yankee Doodle Dandy." "Mrs. Miniver" is an odds-on favorite against the field. Unfortunately, "In Which We Serve" opened on the Coast too late to qualify for this year's competition, a fact that will detract materially from the kudos attached to the award.

Warner Brothers are the producers of the two most exciting films now current in New York: "Air Force" and "Casablanca." Another good one is headed for Radio City. It is "Keeper

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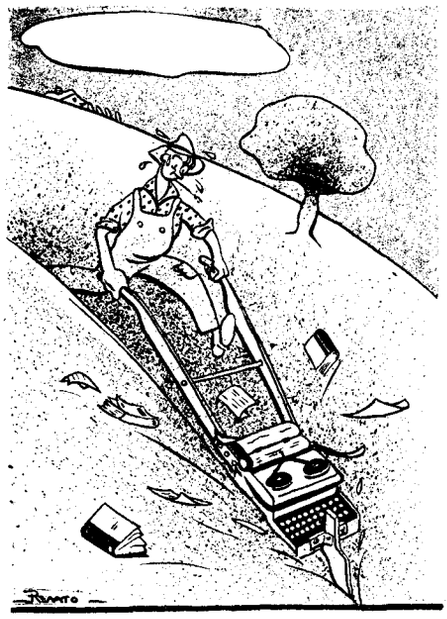
of the Flame," starring Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy. The director missed a chance to make this one of the outstanding films of the year by soft-pedalling, deliberately, we thought, the climactic scenes that motivate the entire story.

Alfred Hitchcock's latest, "Shadow of a Doubt," is one of his very best. The scenario was written by Thornton Wilder and Sally Benson. Hitchcock's next chore will be called "Lifeboat," and it will be written by John Steinbeck, who will probably do it in novel form at the same time . . .

THE COUNCIL on Books in Wartime met in full session at the Hotel Ambassador a few days ago, and as is the fashion in events of this sort, unanimously approved the report of the Board of Directors, ate a fairish lunch, and adjourned without anybody learning very much that he hadn't known before he arrived. The Council has made a promising start, and with the assurance of bigger funds for 1943 and closer coöperation of the Office of War Information, should really thrust the book publishing industry into its proper place in the war effort in months to come. We hope that the War Book Panel will select a second "Imperative" book before the fanfare that attended the initiation of the plan is forgotten entirely . . . Harry Hatcher reminded us that in the very room where the Council members were assembled, there had been staged, some years before, the finals of the first international crossword puzzle tournament. This was a purely spontaneous affair, and the fact that the entire executive boards of Simon and Schuster and the publishers of Webster's dictionary happened to be buzzing around was purely coincidental. The winnah and undisputed champeen turned out to be William Stern, whose good wife Edith writes occasional pieces for the *SRL*. Stern was not prepared for the prize that rewarded his great effort. It was one of those walloping big dictionaries that should come equipped with its own electric hoisting machine. The chairman managed to deposit it in Mr. Stern's outstretched arms. Mr. Stern thereupon fell flat on his face, closely followed by the chairman. The defeated contestants cheered madly . . .

THE FIRST OF A SERIES of Books and Authors for Bond Days, which will be held throughout the country, was celebrated in Allentown, Pa., last Wednesday. Pearl Buck and Mildred Jordan, author of "One Red Rose Forever," were the principal speakers. The Bond Days are being planned by a committee organized at the direction of Secretary of the Treasury, Henry



Morgenthau, Jr. Mark Van Doren is chairman . . . J. Donald Adams, long-time editor of the *New York Times Book Review*, is on a three-month leave of absence, and Robert Van Gelder, who has done a series of first-rate literary profiles for the *Review*, is holding the fort in his absence. Lester Markel, ace editor of the Sunday *Times Magazine Section*, will also have a finger in the pie. Austin Stevens, whose column in the *Book Review* has been one of its liveliest features, has been inducted into the Army . . . Moss Hart, the playwright, just missed placing an order for twenty copies of Alice Moats's new book. Somebody told him the title was "Blind Date with Moss" . . . Incidentally, we were bowling in a party last week that included Mr. Hart and Clifton Webb, the star of "Blithe Spirit." At the end of four frames, Webb asked Hart what his score was. "47," said Hart ruefully (that was about the speed of the entire company). "Ho, ho!" taunted Webb, "I'm 63!" "Yes," snapped Hart, "and you certainly look it!" . . .

THIS COLUMN ends our first full year as conductor of the "Trade Winds" column. A mysterious communique informs us that no column is expected from us next week. We suspect that dirty work is afoot!

BENNETT CERF.

Christopher Ward of Wilmington, Delaware, lawyer, novelist, historian, and a long-time friend of and contributor to *The Saturday Review*, died suddenly on February 20th. He had just completed, after several years of research and writing a history of the American Revolution, and had delivered the manuscript to his publisher a few days before his death.

HER HUSBAND CALLED HER "Angel Face" BUT TO FOUR OTHER MEN SHE WAS THE ANGEL OF DESTRUCTION

Though she flirted with danger and lured death to her side, she still held steadfast to her first great love She will lead you through a story darkly brilliant with terror and suspense in this latest and most chilling "black" book by the author of *The Bride Wore Black*, *The Black Curtain*, and *Black Alibi*. Be sure to read . . .

THE Black Angel

By CORNELL WOOLRICH

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February CRIME CLUB *Selection*

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Reading and Gardening for Victory

An Editorial

THERE came the inevitable Spring day when, after a succession of pointed hints, a peremptory order went forth that either the family or those books would have to move out. "Those books" were an accumulation on gardening that reached back over twenty-five years. True, many were just gathering dust, fully half of them had ceased serving a purpose. A country library in a small house can spare no space to books that don't work.

It might have been pleasant, if the mood and time should conspire, to dip into Mrs. Whoseit's gardening recollections to find what she thought about delphiniums, but then their diseases had forced me to stop growing them. Or to turn back to some obsolete treatise on the progressive science of soil improvements. On these the dust lay thickest. What I would save would be only those books I really needed for gardening today and tomorrow and those authentic voices that still spoke to me. That was how a gardening library once dangerously near a thousand titles was reduced to half the number.

Each year sees a spate of gardening books pour from the presses. Some are catchpenny affairs that deserve only a brief day. Others represent the experience and study of sound minds. Rarely does an original thinker and writer break through the standardized garden book pattern. It would seem to have been established, like the Nicene Creed, for everybody, everywhere, and all time.

Those rare instances of originality, those sound books sprung from questing experience, patient research, and keen observation were my first choice to save when that gale of Spring cleaning blew into my country library.

The question of what books should a gardener buy and keep depends on the kind of gardener he or she is. There are plain everyday dirt gardeners, there are specialists, there are patrons of gardening, who run the vast network of women's garden clubs spread over the country, and there are patronizers of the gentle art, who contribute money and enjoy being with "such interesting people."

There are born gardeners, green-thumb men and women who are happiest and most themselves when they work in the land. There are those whose sole interest is roses or irises or peonies or daffodils or evergreens or rock gardens or herbs or the raising of vegetables. There are flower arrangers, women mostly, whose main claim to horticultural ardor is their ability to spear flowers artistically into a vase. There are gardeners, as one once confessed to me, who are interested "up to a point"—who garden only when the vernal urge is on them and don't do much after that. There also are the categories of botanical students and those who revel in the adventures of plant hunters and those to whom the past of the garden is always a fascinating world in which to wander.

None of these various grades and types of gardeners is static nor is it possible to predict what course their eventual interest will take. Men will start growing vegetables because, somehow, that is manly and practical, graduate from this into the dahlia and gladiolus and finally wind up confirmed rosarians. Were you to ask me what is my favorite flower I should answer the flower in best bloom at that moment. Since I am an unregenerate floral philanderer I pass from daffodils to lilacs to peonies to irises to roses to phlox to chrysanthemums and fruits and I need books for each of these. My present concern is running a food factory on these seven acres "more or less" and that involves the land and preserving the health of the land upon which the family sustenance depends in these rationed days.

Another point to remember when considering garden books is that styles in gardening change from age to age.

Richardson Wright

THIS *SRL* supplement on Victory Garden Books is virtually a one-man job. Guest editor is Richardson Wright, who has also written every article in this section with the exception of the reviews of the more current books and the page on garden books for young people. Mr. Wright, as is well known, is the editor of *House and Garden* magazine. He is chairman of the Horticultural Society of New York, chairman of the International Flower Show, Vice President of National Victory Garden Institute, trustee of the Bronx Botanic Garden, and President of the Wine and Food Society. His past offices include the presidencies of the Men's Garden Club of New York and of the American Rose Society. His honors and awards in that field constitute an even longer list, the most recent of which is the Arthur Hoyt Scott Garden and Horticultural Award.

Mr. Wright's story is that of the man who combined his talent for writing and editing with his hobby, gardening. His first newspaper job took him to Albany, New York, where he became Sunday editor of the *Knickerbocker Press*. After that followed a series of other newspaper jobs; he became foreign correspondent for the *New York World* and *London Daily Express* in Siberia and Manchuria, which led to several books, among them "Through Siberia," "The Open Door," "The Russians," and "Feodor Vladmir Larrovitch." He returned to New York to become literary critic of the *New York Times* and dramatic critic of *Smart Styles*. Then, in 1914, he began his affiliation with *House and Garden*.

His books on homes, gardens, and sundry interests number about twenty, the most recent of which are "House and Garden's Book of Gardening," "House and Garden's Complete Guide to Interior Decoration," and "The Bed-Book of Eating and Drinking."

Mr. Wright is a full-time, year-round enthusiast in the field of his specialties. He lives with his family in Silvermine, Conn., easily the most attractive country community (sic) within a radius of sixty miles of New York City, where he produces magnificent roses, daffodils, lilacs, asters, tulips, and daylilies.

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Once every alert horticulturist went in for rock gardening and books aplenty on the subject were produced. This is on the wane. Herbs are in the ascendency now, with their own train of works. Growing and conserving our wild flowers are very much to the fore. The narcissus is capturing more interest each year. Flowering trees and shrubs are justifying an increased support because, once established, they require a minimum of care. The rose seems to defy all the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, but even in this family there are changes. A surfeit of novelty hybrid tea roses is driving many enthusiasts into collecting only old and historic roses.

In this changing world of gardening books we Americans have established our position as authentic and sound. At one time most of our garden literature and the trends of our gardening interests stemmed from England. We have long since grown out of those leading strings. Books of English derivation are acceptable for inspiration, fresh view points, or scientific learning, but differences in climate between the two countries make the "practical" side of them scarcely useful here.

IN our own vast country we, also, have differences in climate which affect the particular interests of gardeners and the seasons of their work. While roses will thrive in all the states the peony will not. The crapemyrtle of the South and the ceanothus of California have their thermal zones beyond which it is dangerous to venture with them. Seasons for sowing and flowering differ from one section of the country to another. The nature of the soil and the quantity of rainfall and sunshine in one area may be favorable to a certain group of plants and not so in another section. Or a soil may breed diseases which discourage effort and interest in a flower group. These circumstances have led to two other types of books: those written by men and women who are working to prevent and cure plant diseases, and books designed to meet the horticultural requirements of particular sections—the deep South, the Southwest, California.

Since over the years my country library had attracted representatives of all these types of gardening books, it was no easy matter to decide which should be allowed to collect more dust. Invariably, after you have parted with a particular book, there comes the desire to reread it. I have since regretted several of them.

However in the pages that follow many have been restored to the shelves. Readers of *The Saturday Review* can safely move into my library. There'll be room enough for all.

Books of Immediate Necessity

From Printed Page to Dining Room

THE first necessity facing American gardeners today is to provide food for their families. They will be facing it long after the war ceases. In provisioning conquered countries our belts must continue to be pulled in. Food will help win the war and dedicate the peace.

Books on raising vegetables leaped to first importance when, in the Victory Garden Conference held at Washington shortly after Pearl Harbor, the Department of Agriculture set forth its project of home and global feeding. Since then most of the housewives of the nation have become aware of a nutritious diet and its scientific principles. The cry for green and leafy vegetables has gone down the land. No longer can we depend on quick transportation bringing fresh vegetables and fruits to our local markets in season and out of season. This means that what surplus the family gardener produces the housewife must preserve against lean days. Another responsibility is laid on the American housewife: her ingenuity in the kitchen must make this preserved food interesting. Even the stoutest patriot will eventually rebel at canned string beans merely heated up.

These various factors have produced a new kind of vegetable growing book that makes the older kinds obsolete. Today the vitamin content of each vegetable is given so that a balanced ration can be calculated. The mathematics of planning the vegetable garden must be clearly set forth—how much land and seed for how big a family, how interplanting and crop succession will produce both day-to-day supplies and surplus for winter from a minimum area of land. It must explain canning, preserving, and storing. Some authors have brought the vegetables right up to the table by including recipes. The vegetable book to meet the needs of today must also provide the latest information on combatting pests and diseases.

From last year's crop I have saved Paul W. Dempey's "Grow Your Own Vegetables," which is based on twenty-five years' experience in progressive gardening; Samuel R. Ogden's "How to Grow Food for Your Family," a product of long Vermont experience, which can be tough; C. H. Nissley's "Home Vegetable Gardening," also available in "Pocket Book of Vegetable Gardening"; Ann Roe Robbins's "Twenty-five Vegetables Anyone Can Grow" and Francis Coulter's "Manual of Home Vegetable Gardening." An older book revised for current needs is E. I. Farrington's "Vegetable Garden." Those who still believe in the gargantuan "truck" of the seed catalogues will place their faith in "Vegetable Gardening in Color," by Foley & Mickle.

Since the production of any crop depends on the nature and condition

"I don't mind if you refer to my window box as a Victory garden. But what's this 'Redolent of the soil, of the earth, earthy' stuff?"

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of the soil, this subject is essential to all vegetable garden books. If you take a crop from the soil you must return its equivalent in enrichment. Neglect this and the land starves, crops diminish, seed and labor are lost. "Hunger Signs in Crops," a symposium from various authorities edited by Gove Hambidge, reveals this graphically. The cure for land hunger can be studied in three other books: "Bio-Dynamic Farming and Gardening" and "Grow a Garden and be Self-Sufficient," both by Ehrenfried Pfeiffer, and "An Agricultural Testament," by Sir Albert Howard.

Pfeiffer's method of soil improvement without the use of chemical fertilizers (these will be rationed from now on) is based on theories of Rudolf Steiner worked out both in the Netherlands and this country. It has captured the attention of intelligent gardeners by its rational handling of composted manure, soil, and garden waste. Sir Howard's experiments, known as the Indore Process, were first tried in India, then transplanted to England, and thence here. Animal stock is necessary for the latter. Both these methods maintain the land in healthy tilth, produce larger crops more alive with vitamins and capable of lasting fresh longer when they are out of the soil. The therapeutic results of food grown on soil enriched by either of these methods is well established—the food builds up resistance in both animals and mankind.

IN addition to vegetables, it will be necessary for more families, where space permits, to raise fruit. Fruits supply minerals and vitamins required for a balanced diet. The transportation of troops and war materials will cut down sharply the quantity and variety of fruits brought to our markets. For quick returns the home gardener can raise strawberries, rhubarb, and the bush fruits—raspberries, blackberries, and such. In this category we have to depend on older books: "Grow Your Own Fruit," by M. G. Kains, "Cyclopedia of Hardy Fruits," by U. P. Hedrick, "Bush Fruit Production," by R. A. Van Meter, "Bush Fruits," by F. W. Card, "Ornamental Dwarf Fruit Trees," by Eberhard Abjornson, "Principles of Fruit Growing," by Liberty Hyde Bailey, and "Manual of American Grape Growing," by U. P. Hedrick. Several of the more comprehensive books on general gardening include fruit sections. For patient gardeners there are nuts. I would recommend "Nut Grower's Handbook," by C. D. Bush. And for sheer enjoyment E. A. Bunyar's "The Anatomy of Dessert."

The third immediate necessity is to provide flavoring for food. Due to the restrictions of shipping, many spices on which housewives have depended will be absent from the kitchen. We must grow more of our own herbs.

Fortunately, the vogue for herb growing was well under way long before Hitler invaded Poland. Revival of an old American custom, it had produced several instructive and charming books. In 1932 Helen Morgenthau Fox led the American procession in "Gardening with Herbs," followed by Minnie W. Kammer's "Old Time Herbs for Modern Gardens" and Helen M. Webster's "Herbs." Of more recent printings are Rosetta E. Clarkson's "Magic Gardens," "Green Enchantment," and "Herbs, Their Culture and Use." These are all by Americans.

Those who wish to assemble a library on herbs can collect a few English volumes, too: "The Herb Garden," by Francis A. Bardswell; "A Garden of Herbs," by Eleanor Rohde; "Herbs of Healing," by Edward Step; "Culinary Herbs and Condiments" and "A Modern Herbal," by M. Grieve.

For those to whom the infinite variety of salads is important, I recommend an old book and a new one: "Acetaria, a Discourse of Sallets," by John Evelyn, 1699, recently reprinted; and "Salads and Herbs," by Cora Rose and Bob Brown.

Foundations of a Garden Library

From Encyclopedias to Old Favorites

THE more I see of swimmers and and gardeners, the more I'm convinced that the way to start the one is to push him off the end of a dock and let him paddle instinctively, and for the other neophyte, to give her a spade and push her onto the land. My waking hours for twenty-five or more Springs have been interrupted by people demanding that I write a simple book for beginners. Invariably I tell them to read their seed catalogues. For any beginner, whether in vegetables or flowers, adequate and forthright information can be found in the seed lists of Burpee, Stumpp & Walter, Vaughan, Schling, Henderson, and any other dependable seedsman or nurseryman. If they insist on a book bound in hard boards, I hand them Alfred C. Hottes's "1001 Garden Questions Answered."

—Woodcut by Clare Leighton, from "Under the Greenwood Tree."

After their first season then they can go on to other books. They will go on, if they are real gardeners, but all the books in the world won't spare them an inevitable initiation in Mr. Churchill's sweat, blood, and tears. The sweat will continue as long as they are gardeners. So will their reading of garden books.

The foundation stones of any well-equipped gardening library are its encyclopedias, dictionaries, and general works. These include "The Standard Cyclopedia of Horticulture," "Hortus," and "Hortus Second," all by L. H. Bailey, the world's greatest living botanist and horticulturist; "The Garden Encyclopedia," edited by E. L. D. Seymour, and "The Garden Dictionary," by Norman Taylor. To these should be added "Standardized Plant Names," 2nd edition, and Alfred C. Hottes's "Home Gardener's Pronouncing Dictionary," W. N. Clute's "Common Names of Plants" and Alfred Rehder's "Manual of Cultivated Trees and Shrubs." Besides these, I still use some older American works: "The Garden Month by Month," by Mabel Cabot Sedgwick and Albert D. Taylor's "The Complete Garden." I also often dip into an English work, "The Gardener's Enquire Within," by A. J. Macself.

The next course laid on this foundation are what might be called general gardening books: "America's Garden Book," by L. & J. Bush-Brown; "Four Seasons in a Garden," by John C. Wister; "The Garden Omnibus," edited by E. I. Farrington, "A Complete Guide to Garden-Making," by Montague Free, and the trilogy by Alfred Bates, of which the latest is "The Gar-

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dener's Third Year." Occasionally, if I am stuck, I look into my own ancient tome, "The Practical Book of Outdoor Flowers," and the more recent "House & Garden's Book of Gardening."

Of the nature and growth of plants there are, first, the strictly botanical books and, second, the more popular presentations of the scientific facts. The beginner in botany will be stumped for a good book—because there are so many of them—and school botanies galore. The type suitable for grown-up, intelligent gardeners is Gilbert M. Smith's "Textbook of General Botany," "General Botany," by Dr. C. S. Gager, director of the Brooklyn Botanic Garden, or F. O. Bower's "Botany of the Living Plant."

MY favorites among the more popular but nonetheless scientifically sound works are Fabre's "Wonder Book of Plant Life," "The Living Garden," by E. J. Salisbury, of British origin, C. J. Hylander's "The World of Plant Life" and Rutherford Platt's recent, colorfully illustrated, and vividly written "This Green World." A collary to these, in the practical field, would be Alfred C. Hottes's "Plant Propagation."

From this foundation and first course, the garden library may grow in several directions according to the needs, interests, and situation of the gardener. If he lives in Texas and thereabouts, he'll want "Gardening in the South and West, Temperate Zone," edited by Mrs. Gross R. Scruggs and Margaret Scruggs; if he is a Californian, Edward J. Wickson's "California Garden Flowers, Shrubs, Trees and Vines"; Sydney B. Mitchell's "Gardening in California," and Lester Rowntree's "Flowering Shrubs of California" and "Hardy Californians." Below the Mason and Dixon Line, he consults Elizabeth Lawrence's "A Southern Garden" (for the middle South); Harold Hume's "Gardening in the Lower South," George H. Briggs's "Gardening in the South," and "The Plant World in Florida," by Henry Nehrling.

The planning and designing of gardens has rolled up its own sizeable bibliography; in fact, the "Classified Bibliography of Landscape Architecture" contains no fewer than 1201 book titles alone. "An Introduction to the Study of Landscape Design," by Henry V. Hubbard and Theodora Kimball, still stands up and so do the three books by Frank D. Waugh, "Text Book of Landscape Gardening," "Formal Design in Landscape Architecture," and "The Natural Style in Landscape Architecture." For those who do their own planning, helpful advice is found in Fletcher Steele's "Design in the Little Garden"; Ortloff and Raymond's "Garden Planning and Building," L. van de Boe's "Planning and Planting Your Own Place," and L. R. Johnson's "How to Landscape Your Grounds." The modernist taste has three representatives so far. André Vera's "Les Jardins" and Jean C. N. Forestier's "Gardens," the latter translated by Helen M. Fox, represent the beginning of the movement in France. "Gardens in the Modern Landscape," by Christopher Tunnard, is the latest English expression.

One slim designing volume I always look upon with a thankful eye—Leonard H. Johnson's "Foundation Planting." Anything that will stop people cutting off light and air from the fronts of their houses with wedges of crowded evergreens receives my highest encomiums.

Since much of our contemporary garden design stems from the past and from foreign sources, for even yet we cannot say that there is a particular American style of landscaping, we have recourse to specialized books on those countries and periods.

Start with the two volumes of Marie Louise Gotheim's "History of Garden Art" (Dutton), 1928, then to "The Story of the Garden," by Eleanour Sinclair Rohde, 1932, which is mainly confined to England, and the Hon. Alicia Amherst's "History of Gardening in England," my own "Story of Gardening," and Florence Morse Earle's "Old Time Gardens." After this you find, in the libraries of horticultural societies, the books grouped in separate countries and localities.

England

"The Formal Garden in England." Reginald Blomfield. 1892.
"Italian Landscapes in 18th Century England." E. W. Manwaring. 1925.
"The Art and Craft of Garden Making." T. H. Mawson. 1900.
"English Pleasure Gardens." Rose S. Nichols. 1902.
"Garden Craft Old and New." J. D. Sedding. 1895.
"English Gardens." A. Tipping. 1925.
"Formal Gardens of England and Scotland." H. Inigo Trigg. 1902.
"Gardens for Small Country Houses." Gertrude Jekyll and Sir Lawrence Weaver. 1924.
"The Picturesque." C. Hussey. 1927.

China

"Dissertation on Oriental Gardening." Sir W. Chambers. 1772.
"Chinese Houses and Gardens." Henry Sun and S. C. Lee. 1940.
"Chinese Gardens." Dorothy Graham. Dodd, Mead. 1938.
"Chinese Influence on European Garden Structure." Eleanor Van Erdberg. Harvard University Press. 1936.

Italy

"Italian Gardens of the Renaissance." Shepherd & Jellico. 1925.

A safe guide to identifying, gathering, and cooking 45 varieties

Common Edible Mushrooms

By Clyde M. Christensen

MORE food for your larder, and here's the easy-to-use, SAFE guide to getting it. 45 species are described in detail (and illustrated). A special section, *The Foolproof Four*, deals with four of the most common, most obviously marked and easily recognizable, most delicious varieties of edible mushrooms.

The wide selection makes it a book for use anywhere in the United States. Included are suggestions for hunting and handling, and tested recipes for many ways of cooking the different wild varieties.

18 illustrations in full color
67 exceptional halftones. Price, $2.50

The Indoor Gardener

By Daisy T. Abbott

• Easy, tested directions for growing more than 80 hardy, familiar household plants. "First-class guidance."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.* Illustrated. $1.50

The Northern Garden

By Daisy T. Abbott

• A working time-table for gardeners. "For the man or woman who does most of the work. Full of common sense."—*Bulletin of the Garden Club of America.* Illustrated. 75c

The Flower Family Album

By Helen M. Fischer and Gretchen F. Harshberger

• Portraits of 458 wild and cultivated flowers, vegetables, and weeds arranged in family groups and drawn to scale. "Learn more from half an hour with this book than half a day's reading in most."—*Garden Digest.* $2.50

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"The Italian Garden." Luigi Dami. 1925.
"Italian Villas and their Gardens." Edith Wharton. 1924.
"Italian Gardens. Charles A. Platt. 1893.
"Art of Garden Design in Italy." Inigo Trigg. 1906.
"Garden Craft in Europe." H. J. Trigg. 1913. (Italian, French, Spanish)

Spain

"Spanish Gardens and Patios." A. & M. S. Byrne. 1924.
"Patio Gardens." Helen M. Fox. 1924.
"Spanish and Portuguese Gardens." Rose Standish Nichols. 1924.

Germany

"Hints on Landscape Gardening." Puckler-Mushau.

Japan

"Landscape Gardening in Japan." J. Conder. 1893.
"The Gardens of Japan." J. Harada. 1928.
"Japanese Gardens." Mrs. B. Taylour. 1912.
"Flowers and Gardens of Japan." Florence DuCane. 1908.
"Art of the Flower Garden in Japan." Tsugashi Tamura. Dodd, Mead. 1936.

Austria

"Baroque Gardens of Austria." G. A. Jellicoe. 1932.

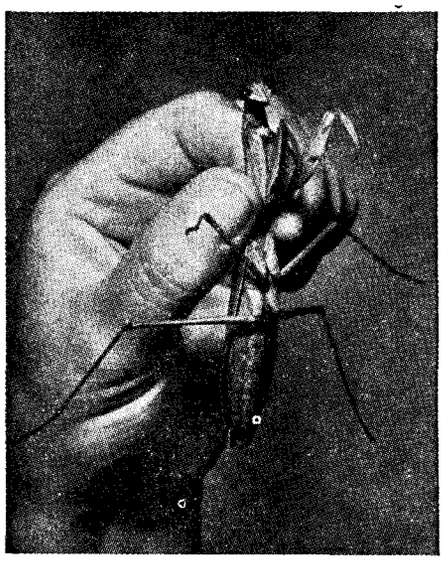
South Africa

"Gardens of South Africa." D. Fairbridge. 1924.

United States

"Landscaped Gardens." A. J. Downing. 1841.
"Gardens of Colony and State." Edited by Mrs. L. V. Lockwood. 1932.
"Historical Gardens of Virginia." Edith T. Sales. 1923.
"Garden History of Georgia 1733-1933." Edited by H. C. Rainwater. 1933.
"History of Homes and Gardens of Tennessee." Edited by Robert S. Brandon. 1936.
"Old Homes and Gardens of North Carolina." Archibald Henderson. 1939.

To these we can add certain books on garden structures and color details: H. W. Mathews's "Mazes and Labyrinths," Mrs. Alfred Gatty's "Book of Sun-Dials," Gertrude Jekyll's "Colour Schemes in the Flower Garden," Louise Beebe Wilder's "Color in the Garden," and Mrs. Francis King's "Well Considered Garden."



—Photo by Edwin Way Teale, from "Near Horizons."
Dinah, the Famous Mantis

The Newer Crop in Books

Eight Current Titles for the Gardener's Shelf

THE present trend in garden literature is right back into the earth itself and what it can produce to feed the warring people of America. A dozen or more recent books on home vegetable gardening have almost crowded from the current shelf other forms of horticultural literature. Among these can be found works good, bad, and indifferent, some hastily compiled, others written by the sure but horny hands of experienced vegetable gardeners.

"Home Vegetable Gardening," by Charles H. Nissley of Rutgers University, is a compact and reliable textbook. Francis V. Coulter's "A Manual for Home Vegetable Gardening" shows the author's thorough knowledge of his subject. Paul Dempsey's "Grow Your Own Vegetables" (published last spring) proved so successful that a new and enlarged edition is being offered in 1943, while "Vegetable Gardening in Color" by Daniel J. Foley contains, in addition to its adequate text, 150 vegetable pictures in full color, just like those we study so longingly each January in the seed catalogues. Like the perfect poem, the perfect vegetable book is still unwritten, but, in the meantime, amateurs should certainly be able to struggle along with the help of the 1942-43 crop.

Fortunately for those who yearn for beauty in wartime as in peace, a few books have been published during this winter on flowering plants. Outstanding among these is Francis E. Lester's "My Friend the Rose," a brief for the "old roses" of distinction which survive in deserted as well as in cherished traditional gardens.

"Alpines in Colour and Cultivation," by T. C. Mansfield, an English volume on rock gardening, is unique for its unusual color plates. These were made from groups of growing rock plants photographed in natural color under studio lights. The effect is startling. Colors stand out with bizarre yet fascinating brilliance as though the coy alpines, which we know for their shy loveliness, had suddenly put on powder, paint, and feathers.

One of the most helpful of the winter's garden books in the opinion of the reviewer is "Ornamental American Shrubs," by William Van Dersal. It is clearly written, well illustrated, and can be used both to assist in the identification of the many beautiful but often confusing American shrubs, and as a guide to their place in horticultural plantings where—the author wisely suggests—they should be employed more freely and with a better realization of their possibilities.

Though not a book on gardening, "This Green World" by Rutherford Platt is so keen a literary experience for the nature lover that it must be mentioned here. A sophisticated rhapsody on the wonders of plant life, it tells the reader what to look for in the colors of vegetation; in plant patterns; the ways of trees and other plants; nature's ingenious methods of insuring reproduction, and all the other mysteries of plant physiology. The photographic illustrations are superb, and many are in full color.

Another current nature book worth noting is "Common Edible Mushrooms: How to Identify and Cook 45 Varieties," by Clyde M. Christensen, a careful collector who—to judge by his recipes—must also be a chef-gourmet extraordinary.

HOME VEGETABLE GARDENING. By Chas. H. Nissley. New Brunswick, N. J.: Univ. Rutgers Press. $1.50.

A MANUAL FOR HOME VEGETABLE GARDENING. By Francis V. Coulter. New York: Doubleday, Doran. 1942. 279 *pp.* $2.50.

GROW YOUR OWN VEGETABLES. By Paul Dempsey. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 1942. 180 *pp.* $2.

VEGETABLE GARDENING IN COLOR. By Daniel J. Foley. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1942. 255 *pp.* $2.50.

MY FRIEND THE ROSE. By Francis E. Lester. Harrisburg, Pa.: Mt. Pleasant Press. $2.50.

ALPINES IN COLOUR AND CIVILIZATION. By T. C. Mansfield. New York: H. P. Dutton & Co. 1943. 276 *pp.* $3.75.

ORNAMENTAL AMERICAN SHRUBS. By Wm. Van Dersal. New York: Oxford University Press. 1942. 301 *pp.* $4.

THIS GREEN WORLD. By Rutherford Platt. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1943. 222 *pp.* $3.75.

ESTHER C. GRAYSON.

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Biggest Land Army in the World

INSECT INVADERS. By Anthony Standen. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1943. 228 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

MR. STANDEN has written the horror book of the year! Nobody is discovered murdered in its pages; no secret papers are shuttled from international dupe to international crook; no evil trade in drugs or lovely young girls is exposed, and yet the true chill runs the familiar spinal course as you read of these strange creatures. Creatures that look like Martian refugees (gigantic in the enlarged photographs) and act like demons out of the pit. Creatures the entomologists call insects and we call bugs. Mr. Standen devotes a whole chapter to defining insects but he leaves you with no smug feeling of assurance because just after you have carefully learned that all insects have six legs you may meet a caterpillar with more who claims that he too is in the insect category. Not a whit disconcerted when you point out his extra limbs he captiously explains that the first few are not really legs at all but "pro-legs." There is no mention of "post" legs but I wouldn't put it past an insect to whip out a few if necessary.

You may not know just what they are but you may be well advised that what they are about is the annoyance, abuse, and destruction of man and his possessions. They will eat up your crops, your clothes, and your houses. And they will import old, and introduce new, diseases. Indeed the hoary prejudiced definition of our predecessors on this continent might be paraphrased here—the only good insect is a dead one. But there are three glowing exceptions; the good old honey bee who turns out to be both whimsical and romantic in these pages and not merely the good industrial example we have been taught to believe him, the silk worm whose economic status is being seriously affected by the war and the development of synthetic materials, and the minute insect that manufactures lac which goes into phonograph records upon which you get your Bach or your Ellington. This is the meager showing of positively "good" insects; the bad ones are legion and the in-betweens just fair in number.

Mr. Standen starts out with a few hair raising statistics. "The total weight of the insects in this world probably exceeds the weight of all other land animals put together." And think of the comparative weights of a mosquito and a rhinoceros! And consider that a pair of parentally minded house flies can, if they set their minds to it, start at scratch in April and by August look with pride upon 191,010,000,000,000,000,000, descendants! Seems useless to swat them one at a time. Figures on the various crop pests are no more cheering although the story of Florida against the Mediterranean has a very happy ending and it was only lack of appropriation from the government which kept the Massachusetts battle with the gypsy from a victorious conclusion for the two-legged against the six-legged. The chapters about such conflicts are exciting ones.

Mr. Standen is an anti-insect man if there ever was one and still he makes them fascinating in their perverse destructiveness. He runs through the life stories of all the better known insects from the time they are viciously deposited in some strategic spot as eggs until the moment when their six legs cease to twitch forever. No moment is too sacred or too disturbing to be recorded. The insect Hitlers and Milquetoasts are impaled for posterity, the thrifty workman and the lover who literally gives his all for his beloved are portrayed with equal vividness. It is a mad world the insects live in and their sole thought seems to be to multiply. But after all it's the same world we live in and viewing it from this new anthropodal angle is exhilarating and entertaining. All the various methods of combatting the insect invaders are gone into with the author's characteristic thoroughness so if you want to know how to beat the little pests to your own cherished victory garden you can get some advice here, but if you take up the book for information you will inevitably be held by enjoyment.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

16. Arnold: "Requiescat." 2. Browning: "My Last Duchess." 4. Burns: "Sweet Afton." 11. Frost: "Mending Wall." 12. Gray: "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard." 14. Henley: "Invictus." 17. Hood: "The Bridge of Sighs." 20. Housman: "Loveliest of Trees." 5. Keats: "Ode on a Grecian Urn." 1. Lamb: "The Old Familiar Faces." 3. Longfellow: "The Day Is Done." 18. Emerson: "The Concord Hymn." 19. Masefield: "Sea Fever." 7. Poe: "Annabel Lee." 15. Rossetti: "The Blessed Damozel. 6. Scott: "Lochinvar." 10. Shakespeare: "Sonnet XXX." 9. Shelley: "The Cloud." 8. Stevenson: "Requiem." 13. Wordsworth: "Ode on Intimations of Immortality."

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Three-Way Naturalist

NEAR HORIZONS. By Edwin Way Teale. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1942. 319 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by GLADYS G. BATES

THE American public is fortunate in having such a naturalist, writer, and photographer as Edwin Way Teale. He excels in all three branches of his art and his books "Grassroot Jungles" and "The Golden Throng" take their place with the best that has been done in nature writing. His latest work "Near Horizons" is as satisfactory as the earlier and no higher recommendation can be given.

This is the story of an insect garden. Most gardeners are intent upon keeping insects out of gardens but Mr. Teale took for himself a hillside on Long Island and planted there all the flowers and shrubs and trees that furnish especial delight to the "six-legged," and then sat back and watched. Watched for years. Watched with the clear, precise eye of the scientist but with humor and affection too. He can appreciate the weary height of a blade of grass when viewed from the angle of a laboring ant. And enjoy the afternoon nap of a wily honey bee who sneaked his forty winks right in the height of the honey season with all his comrades self-righteously laboring around him. An insect personality is as important to him as an insect fact which may explain why his books appeal to readers without a drop of entomological blood in their veins. They can be read as adventure tales or human interest stories with equal pleasure. (If the insects don't mind the loose use of the word "human.")

Take a chapter at random to suggest the method and charm of Mr. Teale's approach. "Antennae Tales" opens with a surprisingly tolerant paragraph about a cat, moves to a series of facts about the antennae of honeybees (they have proved in laboratory tests that they can distinguish between more than thirty different odors), reveals some of the facts about the love lives of Promethea moths and tells of the practical use made of this knowledge in New Jersey. A by-path leads to an anecdote about a Scotchman who could see as well with his naked eye as most people can with field glasses and that leads to the man who could dash off a baffling piece of forgery after a single glance at the model. W. H. Hudson is referred to and Kipling quoted, then comes a really thrilling story of a prospective mother insect and her fight both scientific and impassioned to find the perfect spot to place her egg,—the chapter ends with a tragic comedy of some male mosquitoes in Lynn, Massachusetts who mistook the hum of a high-powered electric industrial machine for the 512 cycle vibration of the female of the species. That is just one chapter and there are thirty in the book.

At other times a single character gets a whole section to itself as in the case of Dinah. Dinah was a mantis with a most prodigious appetite. Mr. Teale says of her, "She gave no thought for the morrow—or even for the next instant. Her whole attention was occupied by that thin edge of time which lies between the past and the future. The living prey closest to her spiked forelegs obscured all other considerations." Mr. Teale saved Dinah's life from a garter snake the first time he saw her. She was five inches long and spent much of her time with her forelegs "folded meekly as in prayer" but after being transferred to Teale's study her curiosity led her to a thorough investigation of pencil sharpeners, filing cabinets and other whatnots come upon for the first time. And then she went to Broadway. She made the trip in a brief case and her rightful destination was a meeting of the Brooklyn Entomological Society but en route her captor opened the case for a brief look while passing through the Times Square section. Out popped Dinah to settle on a nearby fire plug. Almost at once the typical New York crowd of kibitzers surrounded her. They looked and left and another group formed. During one of the audience lulls Mr. Teale recaptured his pet and continued the journey, to another triumph for Dinah one has no doubt.

The many lovely photographs with which the book is illustrated are as important as the text. Here are animals caught in all sorts of characteristic attitudes ranging from the patterned beauty of perfectly balanced bodies against the delicate tracery of branched or floral background through whimsical candid-camera shots to the grotesquery of "blown up" terrifying heads. Here, as in the Audubon bird studies, the background features are as exquisite and as significant as the central figures.

"Have you any Victory Fertilizer?"

Sans Folderol

GARDENING—WITHOUT BUNK. By Sam J. Boal. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1942. 119 *pp.* $1.75.

MR. BOAL believes that a great many garden books devote too much of their space to bunk. He feels that a book on gardening should give the plain helpful facts in the case and not insist upon being prose poems about spiritual satisfactions of relationship with the soil. He has something to say about accepting too optimistically all the seed catalogues, and prophecy about their wares. This warning will stir a responsive chord in many a last year victim of the magically colored and enthusiastically described catalogue items.

Tools come first in Mr. Boal's positive suggestions and he gives just the most essential ones and advises that a little common sense care be taken of them. Pests, seeds, soil, planning are considered generally first, after which the book gets right down to cases and devotes sections to each separate food plant and a careful perusal in the beginning with guide-book use later and consultation with the helpful endpaper charts should equip almost anyone for the coming battle with the soil. Flowers get only six pages out of the book but a good deal of the vegetable growing advice will work towards healthy flower plants also.

G. B.

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The Garden Book Writer

Many Favorites with Large Followings

TO the average book buyer and bookseller alike, the ramifications of the garden book world may seem inexplicable. Styles in popular books may change, the public taste run headlong from romance to realism, histories come and biographies go—and still gardening and flower books debouch from the presses.

Fortunate garden writers gather their own followings. Liberty Hyde Bailey, now approaching his eighty-fifth year, is rounding out an amazing bibliography of thirty-nine titles with pleasant and scholarly little books on particular flowers. To "The Garden of Larkspurs" previously mentioned, he has added "The Garden of Gourds" and "The Garden of Pinks," which I put beside the stouter work of the English hybridizer, Montagu C. Allwood's "Carnations."

In her crowded years Louise Beebe Wilder turned out, besides the titles noted, "Adventures in a Suburban Garden," "What Happened in My Garden," "Adventures with Hardy Bulbs," "The Garden of Color," and a perfectly charming study on the scent of flowers, "The Fragrant Path." I consider this the most valuable of all her writings.

For almost twenty-nine years I have been publishing in *House & Garden* articles by Fred F. Rockwell, but even before 1914 he had produced books. These, with his post as garden editor of *The New York Times,* president of the Men's Garden Club of America, and one of the editors of the newly established magazine, *Home Garden,* assure him the highest rank. He confesses to having written twenty-five books on gardening.

Dr. J. Horace McFarland has never faltered in his devotion to the rose over a quarter of a century of editing the *American Rose Annual* and he has fathered numerous rose books.

Ernest H. Wilson's reputation and books still remain alive though thirteen years have passed since his tragic death. E. I. Farrington wrote his life. Equally, the English amateur, Gertrude Jekyll, gone twelve years, holds her influence. Her memoir was written by Francis Jekyll, and a final selection of her articles and notes edited by the same, "A Gardener's Testament," appeared here in 1937.

E. A. Bowles, another English author of long life, some of whose more scientific books have been mentioned, produced three that I still enjoy rereading—"My Garden in Spring," "My Garden in Summer," "My Garden in Autumn and Winter." Alongside the last, I keep "A Garden Book of Autumn and Winter," by the American landscape architect, Charles Downing Lay.

For rose collectors the other garden writings of the Dean of Rochester, The Very Reverend H. Reynolds Hole, are choice items still—"A Book About the Garden" and "Six of Spades." Another English gardening parson for whom I have an affection is the vicar of Bitton, Rev. Henry N. Ellacombe. No amount of Spring cleaning could make me part with his "In a Gloucestershire Garden" or "The Plant-Lore and Garden-Craft of Shakespeare." A life of this gardening padre was written by A. W. Hill.

Returning to this side, there is Mrs. Francis King, godmother of gardening in the United States and still active in it. In addition to a series of books for the little garden that she edited, I still use her "Well Considered Garden," "Pages From a Garden Note Book," and "Chronicles of the Garden."

MY own offenses in this line have paced a diversity of garden interests when I was not toying with Russia, Early America, gypsies, and diary writers. The country-produced books started in 1922 with "Truly Rural," went on to "A Small House and Large Garden," "Flowers for Cutting and Decoration," "The Practical Book of Outdoor Flowers," "The Gardener's Bed-Book," "Another Gardener's Bed-

—*From "Under the Greenwood Tree," by Clare Leighton.*

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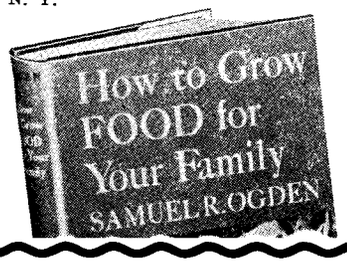

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Book," "The Gardener's Day-Book," and thence into the garden's past with "The Story of Gardening." This was the product of four years' research in every conceivable odd moment snatched away from a busy nine-to-five office job. A later by-product from those same studies brought "The Winter Diversions of a Gardener." In this I particularly enjoyed writing the amorous history of the summer house, which involved reading the body of medieval court poetry, the story of the influence of the Huguenots on gardening, and a longer study of the clergy in gardening called "The Parson with the Hoe." In addition there have been three poetical books edited from the gardening pages of *House & Garden*.

But there is one phase of oblique horticultural interest on which I shall never write — flower arrangements. Not alone do my sentiments balk at the subject but the field is already crowded. Before me lies a list of no fewer than thirty titles. For a long time the subject remained satisfied with the earlier works of Japanese inspiration—Josiah Conder's "Theory of Japanese Flower Arrangement" and Mary Averell's "Flower Art in Japan." Then Mrs. Will H. Carey, who had been beating all comers hands down with her arrangements, discovered the Hogarthian S Curve and produced "Arranging Flowers Throughout the Year." Her rival, Mrs. Walter R. Hines, broke on the world at the same time with "Arrangement of Flowers." John Taylor Arms, etcher, together with his wife, offered "Design in Flower Arrangements." I am satisfied to add only three more titles: "How to Arrange Flowers," by Dorothy Biddle; "Japanese Flower Arrangements for Modern Houses," by Margaret Preissinger, and "Flower Arrangement in Color," by Rockwell and Grayson.

Still another enthusiasm which burst without warning on innocent American gardeners was growing plants fed nutrient solutions and without soil. The first experiments had been made back in the 1870s and were well known to scientists. An article emanating from California and appearing in a popular weekly abruptly sent visionaries dreaming of a pail of sand on every back porch producing the family's supply of tomatoes. By now the fire has burned down, gardeners still have soil on their hands, and the method is restricted to commercial production in climates less severe than New England and New York.

For the record, here are three books on the soilless growth of plants. "Soilless Culture Simplified," by Alex Laurie; "The Complete Guide to Soilless Gardening," by William F. Gesicke, and "Chemical Gardening," by D. R. Matlin.

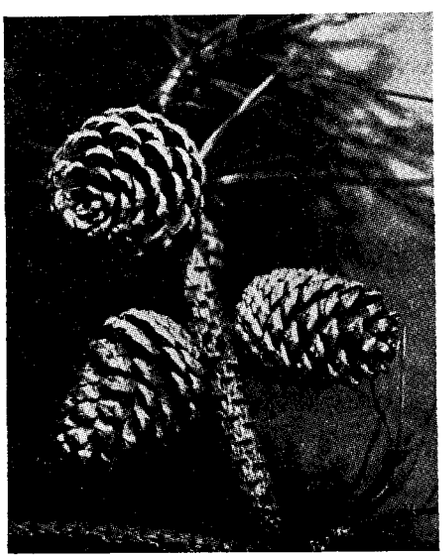
The Flowering Season

Books for the Gardening Hobbyist

IT is almost axiomatic that gardeners start their careers by trying to grow everything livable in their particular climate and soil. Gradually, as wisdom is added unto them, the list dwindles to a few favorites. Some confirmed iris and peony fans grow no other flowers. The same is true of dahlia and gladiolus fanciers. The rock gardener, the herb gardener, the searcher for wild plants, the day lily specialist, the collector of evergreens, the bulb garden enthusiast, those who swear by flowering shrubs and trees, the house plant and greenhouse fan, the rosarians, of which there are sealed many more than the Biblical 10,000—all these have books especially devoted to their gardening hobbies.

After a prelude of small bulbs—crocus, snowdrops, and such—my real gardening interest begins to awaken when daffodils appear. Besides seven volumes of the Royal Horticultural Society Daffodil Year Book and three of the American, I have on hand for ready reference "The Book of the Daffodil," by Rev. S. E. Bourne; "A Handbook of Narcissus," by E. D. Bowles; "Daffodil Growing for Pleasure and Profit," by Albert F. Calvert; and "The Narcissus, its History and Culture," by F. W. Burbridge; and the official list of some 7,000 daffodil names issued by the Royal Horticultural Society of England.

Lilacs are my next interest and they are amply served by one stout volume, Sarah Delano McKelvey's "The Lilac," and two slim ones, "Lilacs in My Garden," by Alice Harding, and "Lilac Culture," by John C. Wister. Contemporary with them other Spring flowering trees and shrubs start blooming. I find myself pulling down Clement Gray Bower's "Rhododendrons and Azaleas," W. R. Van Dorsal's "Ornamental American Shrubs," W. J. Bean's "Ornamental Trees for Amateurs," 1925 and his "Shrubs for Amateurs," 1924; "Flowering Trees and Shrubs," by A. J. Macself and Ernest H. Wilson's "Aristocrats of the Garden" and "More Aristocrats of the Garden," describing many of the Chinese and Japanese plants he himself introduced to our gardens.



—Photo by Rutherford Platt, from "This Green World."

The scales of pitch-pine cones form compact spirals.

Scarcely have the lilacs withered before iris and peonies begin coming into flower. In addition to fifteen bound volumes of the *Bulletin of the American Iris Society* and several of the English, which I must admit only an unregenerate iris-fancier would bother to keep, there are six working volumes in this section which escaped the fury of that Spring housecleaning—J. Marion Shull's "Rainbow Fragments," the American Iris Society's Alphabetical Check List for 1939, and three English works all by the same author, W. Rickatson Dykes, "Irises," "Handbook of Garden Irises," and "Dykes on Irises," edited by George Dillistone.

FOR peonies two books suffice: F. F. Rockwell's "Peonies" and "The Book of the Peony," by Mrs. Edward Harding.

Even this early in Summer lilies begin coming in. A caviar taste, lilies, because not all of them are tractable. Once I ventured to grow seventy varieties of them from seed—with dismal results; however, the easier ones came up and now flourish in my garden. If lilies are your passion—and they are fast becoming the passion of more of the gardening intelligentsia—then certain books will appeal to you. Of American origin are the American Lily Year Books issued by the American Horticultural Society and "Garden Lilies," by Isabelle Preston, of the Ottawa Experimental Farm, "Garden Cinderellas," by Helen Morgenthau Fox, and "Lilies for American Gardens," by George L. Slate, of our New York State Agricultural Experiment Station. "Lilies" by A. Grove, the great English authority, and "Lilies, Their Culture and Management," by H. D. Woodcock and J. Coutts.

A confirmed rosarian need neither explain nor apologize for his unfeigned

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devotion to that Queen of Flowers. He may chase after other floral hussies but you can be sure that in the end he will return home to the rose. So I make no bones over the fact that the little rose library rising above me as I write totals sixty-nine volumes in three languages and only a restricted purse prevents this being twice as many. Some go back to the last years of the eighteenth century, others are only a few years old, and one a few months. However, lest my particular floral fervor bore you, I shall name only nine books. A beginner can get under way with "How to Grow Roses," by J. Horace McFarland, and "The Rose Manual," by J. H. Nicolas, and his "A Year in the Rose Garden." If he is interested in climbers he'll want G. A. Stevens's "Climbing Roses," and if he follows the present trend to collect roses of the past he'll need the guidance of "Old Roses," by Mrs. Frederick Love Keays, "My Friend the Rose," a recently published charmer by Francis E. Lester, and "Old World Roses," by Edward A. Bunyard, the last from England. Then in moments of relaxation he will read the most memorable of all rose books, "A Book About Roses," by Dean Hole. It was the good Dean who wrote the classic motto of all these mad, delightful people: "He who would have beautiful roses in his garden must have beautiful roses in his heart."

SCARCELY has August passed before the bulb catalogues begin coming in. With certain sureness that they will spring again into leaf and flower, we entomb these dry husks in the brown earth. For the real gardener Spring begins in Autumn. Then he turns to his bulb books. From American pens there are "Spring Flowering Bulbs," by Clark L. Thayer; "The Book of Bulbs," by F. F. Rockwell, and the comprehensive and scholarly "Bulbs for American Gardens," by John C. Wister. England supplies "Hardy Bulbs for Amateurs" and "Tulips," by J. J. Jacobs, "The Handbook of Crocus and Colchicums," by E. D. Bowles, and "The Tulip," by Sir Daniel Hall. And if one wants to get really esoteric about them, there's W. R. Dykes's colorfully illustrated and highly botanic "Notes on Tulip Species."

Mid-September, and chrysanthemums start flowering. With them I almost reach the end of my particular flower passions. My favorite book is Alex Cumming's "Hardy Mums."

Even after these chrysanthemums have been touched by the deathly hand of frost, I have one pet flower still to come into bloom. Early November sees the waxy white petals of the Christmas rose, *Helleborus niger,* unfolding. So far as I know there's no book dedicated to it.

The Societies and the Committees

There is a Plentitude of Promotional Organizations

AN English woman once said that she had never met an American woman who wasn't or hadn't been president of something. Had she conducted her investigations further she would have discovered that there was scarcely a flower in her garden that wasn't promoted by an American society or a committee equipped with a full quota of officers, a publication copy of Robert's "Rules of Order," and a serious purpose.

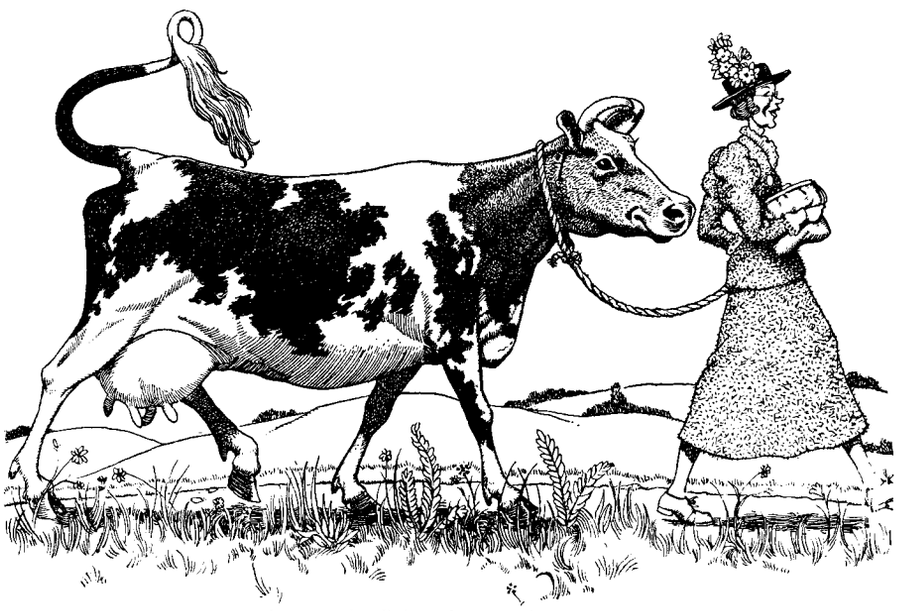
Take delphiniums, for instance. The first hybridizing of these lovely blue or mauve spires began in Holland and England, crossed to America where a society inevitably was formed to which devotees of this flower gathered as honey bees to the nectar. The beginning of such an organization is not without its commercial tinge: growers of delphiniums want to sell more delphiniums, want more gardeners excited about them, want the scientific facts about the delphinium family set down in proper genealogical order, want their pests and diseases investigated, want the naming of new varieties kept under control. A publication was necessary and, of course, an annual meeting in some garden or nursery where delphiniums were superbly grown.

The publishers of flower books face a brisk competition from the bulletins of these societies and when they want a book on a special flower written (usually they don't have to ask for it), the author is invariably an officer of that society or committee. So it is with practically every flower group that grows. And this is as it should be.

Pull down the few items on delphiniums left on my shelves after that famous Spring cleaning. I find four numbers of the American Delphinium Society's Year Book and one of the British, together with a bulletin from the Cornell University Agricultural Experiment Station, covering every possible phase of delphiniums, together with a packed bibliography of 12½ pages. The actual books themselves are only five: "The Book of the Delphinium," by John F. Leeming; a handbook of A. J. Macself; "Delphiniums," by George A. Phillip, all from England; and from American authorities, "How to Grow Delphiniums," by Leon H. Leonian, and "The Garden of Larkspurs," by Liberty Hyde Bailey.

TWO other examples of our passion for promotional organizations can be cited in the gladiolus and the dahlia, which have reached such nation-wide popularity that they are supported by sectional societies, each with its informative bulletin and its bibliography of books. Often the books are made obsolete by the bulletins, so speedily do new hybrids appear and new diseases and pests crop up to be investigated, and are new methods of combatting them and new cultures suggested. Of books the most recent and desirable is "The Gladiolus," by Forman T. McLean of the New York Botanical Garden. For dahlias the story is the same —two are twelve years old, but the last, "Modern Dahlias," by J. Louis Roberts, dates from 1938.

The interest in Alpine plants and rock gardening has rolled up a more impressive bibliography. It concerns the hunting for these plants, then



—Drawing by Robert Lawson, from "The Little Woman Wanted Noise."

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their botanical classification, then their culture. Styles in the rock garden itself changed materially over the years; whereas it began with a mound of dirt spiked with rocks, now it is a replica of a site in nature and the right kinds of flowers grow in proximity to the kinds of rocks they prefer in their habitat.

The god of all rock gardeners is Reginald Farrer, English novelist and amateur gardener turned plant hunter. His books on venturing into the wilds of India, Burma, and Thibet are enthusiastically collected. And no Alpine flower enthusiast could be without his two volumes, totaling over a thousand pages, of "The English Rock Garden." Since Farrer's death a third volume of a mere 681 pages has been added by Sampson Clay under the title of "The Present Day Rock Garden." Farrer also wrote "Alpines and Bog Plants," and "My Rock Garden."

Of no lesser degree, though not so prolific a writer, was Henri Correvon, one of the first students of Alpine flowers in our time. His garden outside Geneva and his searching of the Alps produced the first book, "Les Plantes des Alpes," as early as 1884. His latest, published here in 1930 and written especially for English and American gardeners, is "Rock Gardens and Alpine Plants." The latest foreign addition to this bibliography is T. C. Mansfield's "Alpines, in Colour and Cultivation."

ON this side of the water the most loyal Alpine enthusiast was the late Louise Beebe Wilder. Her "Adventures in My Garden and Rock Garden" and "Pleasures and Problems of a Rock Garden" are still standard works.

An accessory to rock gardening is wall gardening, a pleasant amenity for those who have stone walls of the proper stratification. Away back in 1901 Gertrude Jekyll wrote "Wall, Water and Woodland Gardens" and in 1915 Thomas Smith, "The Book of Dry-Wall Gardens." Both pleasantly written, I keep them for dipping perusal.

Water gardens and wild gardens are also first cousins to the rockery. Here the field widens again, for once you mention wild flowers a host of amateur botanists and ardent conservationists rush to the call. While in many states wild flowers are protected by legislation, very little provision is made to enforce the laws and the officer who knows one wild flower from another is a rare exception. Hence it devolves on amateur gardeners and botanists to propagate and protect them in their own districts and gardens.

Perhaps no section of the country but has its handbook for the curious amateur botanist. F. Schuyler Mathews's "Field Book of American Wild Flowers," now forty-five years old, is still hale and hearty. The year 1928 produced Norman Taylor's "Guide to the Wild Flowers" and Herbert Durand's "Field Book of Common Ferns." Herbert Durand, a retired business man, enriched his years and our gardens by bringing flowers from their wild locations to the rocky dell of his Bronxville home. His experiences are told in "Taming the Wildings" and "My Wild Flower Garden." This was a new departure in floriculture which has since been adopted in many sections of the land.

Another enthusiast has been Governor George D. Aiken of Vermont, whose "Pioneering with Wildflowers" showed this gubernatorial nurseryman and botanist to be well acquainted with meadow and forest. Newer are Margaret McKenny's two books, "A Book of Wild Flowers" and "The Wild Garden." And the recent search for a wider diet has brought us O. P. Medeger's "Edible Wild Plants," with N. C. Muenscher nailing up his warning in "Poisonous Plants in the United States."

With equal enthusiasm, England has gone in for "naturalizing" streams and forests. E. H. M. Cox's "Wild Garden" shows him among its chief exponents.

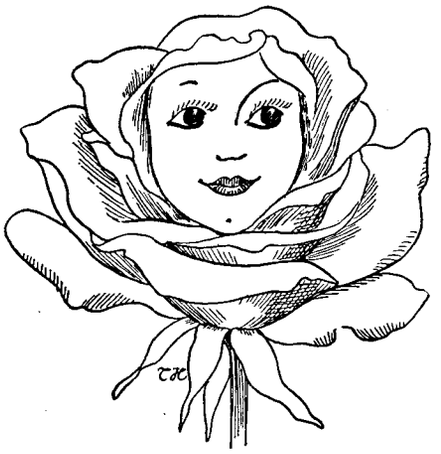
Gardening in Groups

A Men's Club Has Been Formed in Self-Defense

SOME years ago, to add glamor to New York's International Flower Show, I brought from abroad two distinguished nurserymen, Roger Vilmorin and Hellmut Späth, respectively representing French and German firms that had been in their families over two hundred years. Apart from our skill in forcing plants—and at this we lead the world—what astounded them most was the extent to which American horticulture is led and supported by women.

Of the two great groups, the Federated Garden Clubs comprise 4,200 member clubs in forty states and four outlying districts, with 160,000 members. The Garden Club of America, with its national coverage of 128 member clubs, has 8,000 members. Scores of garden clubs have no affiliation with these national bodies. The recently formed Men's Garden Club of America, organized in sheer self-defense, has already acquired some fifty clubs with close to 5,000 members.

Here is a ready-made potential garden book reading public. It is mainly female. New garden books are regularly reviewed at club meetings. Scarcely had one of mine apeared than an obscure garden club in Alabama opened its proceedings by having "Five Minutes with Richardson Wright." Ten would probably have bored them to extinction.



Without the support of women gardeners and their clubs, no flower shows can expect to succeed; in fact, most of them are given by these clubs. And because of their interest no garden book can hope to succeed unless it appeals to them and the various projects they support. At the present time all are bent on some national war effort. In normal times they sponsor various worthy movements — preserve trees, work for conservation, improve their towns, fight the billboard menace. Their bulletins meet both local and national problems.

Some of the clubs are faced with city problems alone — backyard and roof gardening. To such would appeal "Your City Garden," by Margaret McKenny and E. L. D. Seymour, Chesla C. Sherlock's "City and Suburban Gardening," E. I. Farrington's "The Backyard Garden," the amusing and helpful "Right In Your Own Backyard," by H. W. Steet, Ida Mellen's "Roof Gardening," and Natalie Gomez's "Your Garden in the City."

In the Southwest and California, clubs study and promote particular plants of their neighborhood. Due to them the past ten years has seen a revival of interest in cacti and succulents, especially since they are almost foolhardy house plants. The revival produced books—"Our Native Cacti," by Ethel B. Higgins, "The Cactus Book," by A. D. Houghton, "Cactus

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Culture," by Ethel D. Schultz, and Scott E. Haselton's "Succulents for the Amateur," with A. J. Van Laren doing "Succulents Other Than Cacti." Oh yes, there *is* a Cactus and Succulent Society of America.

Some solitary green-thumbed woman will succeed with primroses—always cranky plants—report her success to the club which sounds the news far and wide and sends hundreds of others trying the same and scrabbling through rock garden books for information. Apart from these we have only two books on the subject—"Primulas of Europe," by John MacWatt, and "Primulas for Garden and Greenhouse," by Cox and Taylor.

IT has been the ardent gardening women who were responsible for a renewed appreciation of old flower prints. The vogue reached its climax in the magnificent "Flower and Fruit Prints of the Eighteenth and Early Nineteenth Century," by Gordon Dunthorne.

However much women's garden clubs may crusade to save famous trees, I hold to the notion that a love for trees comes more naturally to men. Here the literature is extensive, yet I have saved out seven that I need: "Aristocrats of the Trees," by Ernest H. Wilson, "Maintenance of Shade and Ornamental Trees," by Professor P. P. Pirone of Rutgers, "Our Shade Trees," by Dr. E. P. Felt and his "Pruning Trees and Shrubs," Alfred Hottes's "The Book of Trees," and William M. Harlow's "Trees of the Eastern United States and Canada."

To continue this defense of my own sex in gardening (the original slogan of the Men's Garden Club of America was "More Pants in the Garden"), I have found that men lean toward hedges and garden structures. Both are of a practical nature. For the first, "Hedges, Screens and Windbreaks," by Donald Wyman, horticulturist of the Arnold Arboretum, is the latest and best book. As for garden structures—summer houses and such—many suggestions will be found in Eberlein & Hubbard's "The Practical Book of Garden Structure and Design." Books on the history of gardens and on gardens in foreign lands also supply suggestions that can be approximated here.

As for birds, there ought to be big books to study indoors and little books to carry in the pocket. A big one for indoors is "Birds in America," a little one for the pocket, F. Schuyler Mathews's "Field Book of Wild Birds and Their Music." The shelf would also hold "The Audubon Guide to Attracting Birds," Lorin L. Butler's "Birds Around the Year," and Margaret McKenny's "Birds In the Garden."

Gardens After the War

Will We Have A Problem of Re-conversion?

THUS far in our meandering through a garden library we have avoided, with one exception, the impact of the war on those who enjoy working with the green growing things of earth. What's going to become of flower gardens? Shrubbery borders? Smooth, close-cropped lawns?

Almost the first warning the Government sounded was *not* to plow under lawns and flower beds and plant them to potatoes. This mistake, made in World War I, we want to avoid. Those who have suitable land should and must grow some of their own food, but flowers—ah, those, the Government acknowledges, contribute to

Victory Poster put out by the Office of War Information.

that intangible and necessary *esprit* called morale. The English discovered this when they made rock gardens over their backyard air-raid shelters. They said it was pleasant to creep out in early dawn when the all-clear sounded and see the fresh, clean dew on the flowers. A recent dispatch from The National Rose Society of England reported that its pre-war membership still is maintained and rosarians are dreaming of peace that will bring rose gardens back again.

In this country it is hoped that gardens will become better balanced than they were after the last World War. Arduous raising of vegetables in 1918-19 brought a bad reaction—less vegetable seed was sold and far fewer vegetables grown. Why bother when swift transportation brought fresh vegetables to our doors through all seasons? We plunged headlong into flower gardening.

Once the home raising of fruits was part of every garden's activity. This, too, suffered a decline in the past twenty-five years. The balanced garden is what those of us who are concerned with such affairs hope for—flowers and shrubs and lawns in their place and vegetables and fruits to round out the picture.

We will probably have fewer large estates and more small gardens. In them annuals and perennials will be grown and lawns made and maintained. Out of the alembic of this war let us hope the gardening way of life will become the habit of more Americans. When that day comes, if more Americans will be content to start the slower way and grow their plants from seed, the gardening habit may become fixed.

They will want to know about soils and cultural methods. Much of this is found in general gardening books, but each step and section has its own title between hard boards. A third edition of F. E. Bear's "Soils and Fertilizers," for example, brings the subject up to date.

IF it's a lawn they are making, two good books await them—C. W. Parker's "The Lawn" and H. B. Sprague's "Better Lawns." If it is annuals they are raising, here are five to help them: Alfred C. Hottes's "The Book of Annuals," D. J. Foley's richly colored "Annuals for Your Garden," H. S. Ortloff's "Annuals in the Garden," and C. H. Matschat's "Annuals and Perennials." From England comes Roy Hoy's "Annuals," distinguished for the number of annuals not commonly raised here. To guide daily work there is "The Gardener's Almanac," by E. I. Farrington, editor of *Horticulture*, and Ruth Cross's well-calendared "Wake-up and Garden." Victor H. Ries also writes a dependable hand book on "How to Grow Perennial Flowers" and Alfred C. Hottes, "The Book of Perennials."

Once knee deep in perennials, the gardener is subject to all manner of flower allures. If he shows the slightest interest in hemerocallis—and it's a growing fad—he will want "Day Lilies," by Dr. A. B. Stout of the New York Botanical Garden and leader in much of the day lily hybridizing. If it's violets, there's Nelson Coon's "Practical Violet Culture" and the colorfully illustrated "Wild Violets of

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North America," by Viola B. Baird. Should he turn to vines, Hottes affords him "A Little Book of Climbing Plants" and N. J. Bean, from England, supplies "Shrub, Wall and Hardy Flower Climbers." If he follows the current interest in clematis, a book half-English and half-American, "The Large and Small Flowered Clematis," by Ernest Markham and our own Joel E. Spingarn, is at his disposal.

Practically all amateurs carry their gardening into the house once the chills of late Autumn destroy outside flowers, and of late they have been more venturesome. No longer are they satisfied with a rubber plant. Allen H. Wood, Jr., has recently challenged our horticultural ingenuity with two books, "Grow Them Indoors" and "Try These Indoors," and Frank K. Baltis with "Plants in the Home." Bessie R. Buxton has added to it with "Begonias and How to Grow Them." Begonias, by the way, are enjoying a revival of popularity. I can also recommend for general practice "Gardening Indoors," by F. F. Rockwell and E. G. Grayson.

Paralleling the quickened interest in house plants has been an increasingly wider distribution of small greenhouses. The great estate with its ranges of greenhouses and the boast of a *nouveau riche* woman that she "kept forty men under glass," are things of the past. Prefabricated small greenhouses, either standing alone or attached to the residence, have come within the reach of the moderate purse. For work in them one either consults the house plant books or such specialists as Anne Dorrance's "Gardening in the Greenhouse," Charles Nissley's "Starting Early Vegetables and Flowers Under Glass," or "Winter Flowers in the Sun-Heated Pit."

As a corollary to this increase of small greenhouses has been a marked enthusiasm for growing orchids. Once the hobby of millionaires, it has become the hobby of average gardeners. Never in its career has the American Orchid Society enjoyed such a large membership. The literature on the subject is vast and fascinating. Beginners can start with Professor E. A. White's "American Orchid Culture" and be in safe hands.

Books for Young Gardeners

FOR children from four to eight, Dr. Irma E. Webber, botanist and mother of two, has just written and illustrated "Up Above and Down Below: A First Book About Plants." Not a book about how to plant, but one about plants—an excellent first-glimpse book. As with all books published by William R. Scott, this has been children-tested.

Very young children can receive no better introduction to the green world of gardens and growing things than through the chiming verses in Eleanor Farjeon's "Over the Garden Wall." Here is a real poet who sees with beauty and humor and writes with great simplicity and rhythm.

If you want your children to interest themselves in gardening and gardens at a very early age, keep on hand a supply of seed catalogues. There are no better picture books. Also have handy Margaret McKenny's and Edith F. Johnston's "A Book of Garden Flowers" (1940) and Gladys Lynwall Pratt's "American Garden Flowers" (Random House: 1943). Both have lovely illustrations—the former single-page pictures in color well designed in flower-print style, and the latter, many pages lush with color. I prefer the latter. It is well-written, contains many exquisitely drawn plant details, and is replete with interesting information. An invaluable first book in botany and an extravagantly beautiful flower book for young people of any age, only $1.

You will also find Patten Beard's "Adventures in Dish Gardening" an asset. Most children love to work with their hands. This book will suggest fresh and inexpensive games—rainy-day or party-day—gardening games which will lead to life-long interests in growing things. And for your children—those who can read by themselves—you will want Gertrude Jekyll's "Children and Garden." Her book is real literature packed with garden erudition and wonder.

For the actual gardener from six up, there is Helen Page Wodell's "Beginning to Garden." Although published in 1928, its frontispiece caption strikes a strangely prophetic note: "A vegetable gardener is doing something for his country." There are comprehensive chapters on vegetable gardening, flower culture, garden things boys and girls can make, garden clubs, flower and vegetable exhibition, and indoor gardening. The last is especially valuable in large cities.

Alfred Bates's "The Gardener's First Year (Annuals)," "The Gardener's Second Year (Perennials)," and "The Gardener's Third Year—Trees, Vines and Shrubs" should all be on the junior gardener's book shelf. Written by a prominent horticulturist, they answer most of the questions young gardeners ask. The author's approach is a discerning one in regard to little boys. "Gardening," he writes, "is a manly sport which . . . combines the desire for use and the desire for beauty."

There are two gayly written books which please gardeners from about seven up. These are Gertrude and Frances Dubois's "Peter and Penny Plant a Garden" and Dorothy H. Jenkins's "The Children Make a Garden." The first is fictional in treatment and somewhat Bobbsy Twins in style, but it is filled with just the right sort of information. The emphasis is on flower gardening. The second includes information on vegetable gardening and a section on insects.

Jannette May Lucas's "Where Did Your Garden Grow" and her "Fruits of the Earth" and Bertha Morris Parker's "Seeds and Seed Travel" are about what and how things grow rather than how to grow them. Children from six up enjoy these. The Lucas books are particularly lovely in format and illustration. They are simply written by an author who obviously loves her work. The Parker book is as exciting as a thriller. It makes fascinating reading for all ages.

All garden and nature lovers should have Vernon Quinn's six nature books on their shelves. Timely in 1943 is "Vegetables in the Garden and Their Legends." Adult garden lovers treasure them, and so do young people. Following the latest garden trend is "Spice and Scent: Herbs in Fact and Fancy," written and illustrated by Lee Maril, an Austrian author and artist trained in herb lore in her father's pharmacy. This book will appear on March 29. Each herb is illustrated and the accompanying text is broken down into Latin name, Meaning, Origin, Description, Cultivation, Harvest, Uses, History, and a Legend. This is bountiful, beautiful, and accurate.

And just this week there has arrived, in proof, John Y. Beaty's "Luther Burbank: Plant Magician," an exciting book, for the author knew and worked with Burbank. It will be out by March 21, the first day of Spring. A good book on city gardening is still needed.

LEO LERMAN.

Bibliography Available

Richardson Wright has prepared an extensive bibliography on books covering various phases of vegetable and flower gardening, small farming, and conservation. This bibliography is available to Saturday Review *readers on request. Write to*

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PLEASE, DO NOT AGREE WITH ME

(*Continued from page* 4)

ion for editors to print polite little disclaimers over letters to the editor, or over the views of some ardent reformer, to the effect that the writers' opinions "are their own and do not necessarily reflect the views of the editors of this journal," so the outraged reader probably wishes subconsciously that he could wear a badge in the subway inscribed: "I read this newspaper not because I agree with it, but to find out what mischief its wretched editor is up to now"; how many thousands of times during my two decades in daily journalism was this excuse not given to me by readers of the Hearst press!

Especially in these jumpy, dangerous times it is a part of our curious American complex to make sure that if we are even seen in the company of dubious characters it should be plain to all that we do not share their heresies. Recently a group of friends of a particularly pestiferous journalist invited many others to celebrate with them a certain anniversary of his. The committee thought it necessary to explain that some of its members disagreed with the views of the man they wished to honor, and many of the replies ran to this effect: "While I have rarely agreed with his opinions or the policies that he has advocated, I shall be glad to be present at the dinner," thus establishing an alibi. That struck the writer as a bit curious for he had just been asked to dine with and hear Litvinoff, which invitation he accepted without stating that many of Litvinoff's views seemed to him utter heresy and that he considered Litvinoff's master, one Stalin, one of the cruellest and bloodiest of all despots. If dining with a man identifies the diner with the views of the guest of honor, then public dinners should disappear very rapidly. That point of view, that playing safe, may make for a sense of patriotic righteousness, but hardly for tolerance or authoritative knowledge of other points of view.

They do those things better in England. There they revile each other on the hustings or in Parliament, but they go to tea together afterward, and I think they would be amazed if anyone should suggest to them that before accepting an invitation to dinner with a political opponent they should make clear to their hosts their disagreements with his views. Conservatives have long called Stafford Cripps an "utterly irresponsible and unreliable person," but that doesn't prevent Viscount Wolmer's meeting him socially or even sitting in the Cabinet with him on terms of complete amity—after using these words about him. Thus in the mother country there persists a degree of respect for the other man's views, and above all for his right to have different views and to state them as offensively as he pleases, which is only rarely found over here. Proof of this is the demand by many prominent Englishmen, to whom Communism is anathema, that the Churchill Government revoke its ban upon the *Daily Worker,* the London Communist newspaper.

Why is it worth while setting some of these thoughts down now? Because, despite the widespread appeals for unity the gravity of the crisis demands that on most of the isues confronting us there shall be differences of opinion and outlook. It will be a grave misfortune if there should be complete unanimity as to what shall be done with Germany and Japan if we win the war, and generally what kind of a post-war world we want. Never have such far reaching and such incredibly difficult questions presented themselves to the American people as today. The only hope is that by means of a free give and take of opinions on ten thousand platforms we may come to some agreement on what our national aims shall be. They cannot and should not be the work of a few, and we shall not arrive at correct solutions if we seek only to advance theories and proposals upon which all can agree.

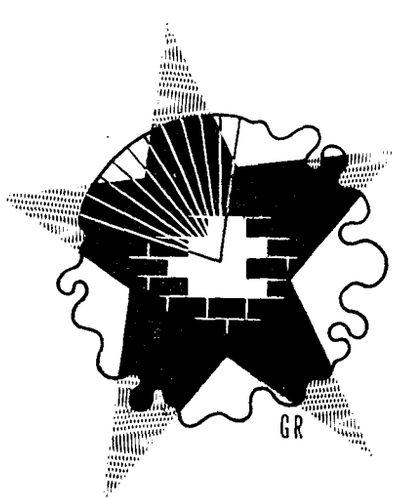
We in the United States may be swamped by a huge tidal wave of intolerance, or we may produce under fire a new charter for the world to come, as novel, as vital, and as far reaching in its world-wide effects as was the Declaration of Independence when it was given to a mankind that was none too ready for it. As to that, time and the length of the war will tell.

I merely wish to add that the next time I ascend a lecture platform I propose, before I begin, to fasten upon the curtain behind me a sign reading: *PLEASE*, DO NOT AGREE WITH ME!

THE INEVITABLE OFFSPRING

(*Continued from page* 6)

erent," an expression which he also took over from Mussolini, signifying that the hyena prefers to pounce on its prey when it is no longer dangerous. Franco has openly declared that he considers the present conflict as "the final contest between Bolshevism and Fascism" and that he prefers Fascism. Mussolini made no secret of his expectation to get Corsica, Tunisia, French Africa, and Southwestern France after the victory of Hitler. And Franco's Spain has proclaimed openly again and again that they hope for a victory of Hitler because he will help them to regain what was "theirs" and reestablish the rule of Spain over all



America, from California down to Patagonia. Just as during the First World War the allied armies placed themselves under the command of Foch to attain a common victory, so did Spain place itself—according to the assertions of leading Falangists—under the supreme command of Hitler.

There is a latent and immediate danger from Franco, Hamilton's book points out, due to Spain's geographical position on both sides of the Straits of Gibraltar. The American armies in Morocco face this "non-belligerent" enemy in his territory to the north from Tangiers to the frontier of Algeria, and to the south in the Spanish colony of Rio de Oro. We are respecting Franco Spain's "neutrality," but should Hitler decide to attack our armies in Morocco through his non-belligerent ally's African territory, which is now swarming with Nazi "consuls" and "tourists," our situation in Tunisia, none too good now, would certainly not be improved.

In this connection Hamilton remarks: "At least in time of war we must ignore the Biblical exhortation to love our enemies."

The book is crowded with information. It gives a short history of the beginning of the Falangist movement and the inner conflicts between the groups which formed the combination now ruling Spain.

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The Crostics Club

WHENEVER Vera Jennings of the *SRL* Editorial Dept. tells me that an unusual number of letters have arrived at one fell swoop, we both tremble in our boots, for we know that it means trouble in puzzledom. Listen to my first tale of woe —from Harvey Officer:

One does not *cross* the Helicon, one climbs,
At least 'tis written thus in Gilbert's rhymes.
In London this would be among the crimes
In anguished letters written to *The Times*.
We've no such columns in these Western climes,
So to *The Crostics Club* we turn betimes,
Belaboring you with unbeguiling rhymes!

Most *beguiling*, I should say. Yes, Gilbert did write it appropriately *climb*, but we do cross the Alps, and the Helicon was a ridge as well as a single peak. I was working out at the same time a DC in which *crossing the Rubicon* was stressed. (You'll get it later.)

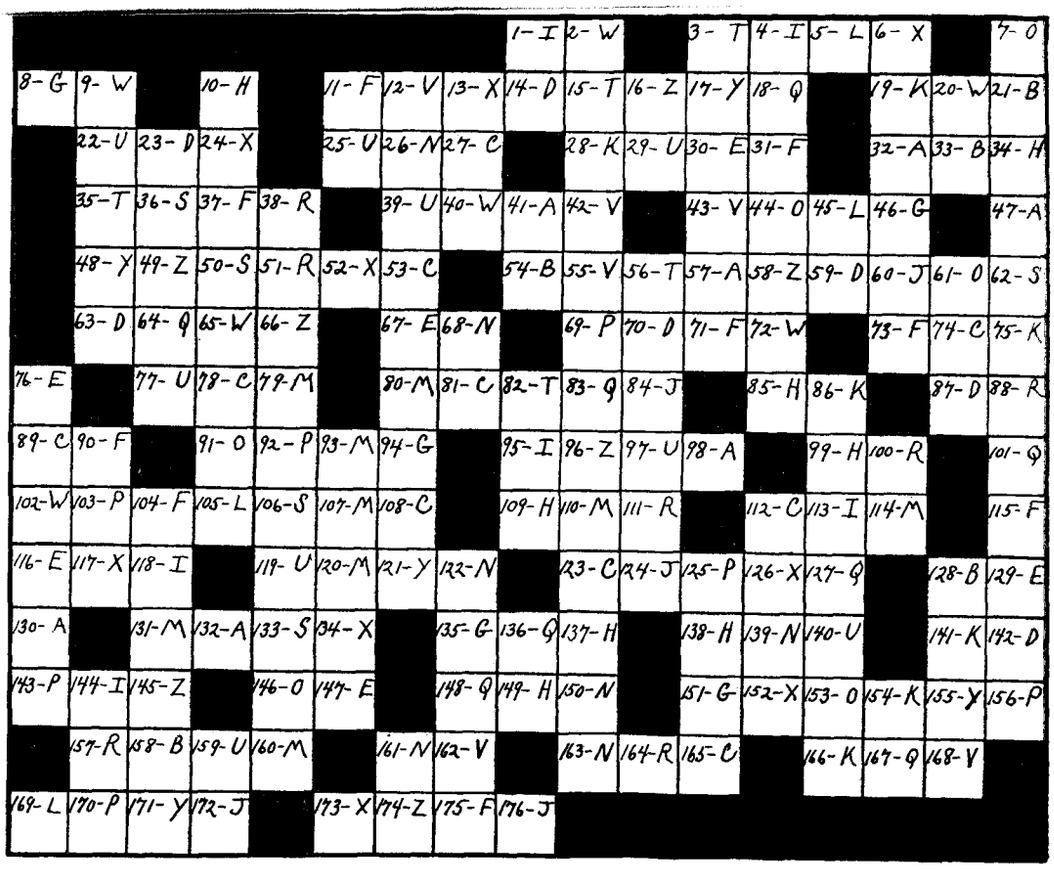
And, then, to make my sackcloth and ashes a bit heavier, I learn through K. M. Wilkinson, New York City, that Whittier's "Ichabod" was occasioned by Webster's support of the Omnibus Bill in 1850, not the Missouri Compromise of 1820.

So much are our DC's on our minds that during the intermission of an inspiring Symphony concert Sunday, we wondered how in these days of constant inexperienced help changes, mistakes could be avoided. Of course the above were my own.

It would seem wise to appoint now an Allied Nations Committee on responsibility for changes in geographical names after the war. (When I studied Geography the capital of Russia was St. Petersburg.) This reflection is due to a recent experience with *Pondichéry* or *Pondicherry*. *Pondicherry* went into a DC—for its precious *h* —culled from a current newspaper article. When I came to verify it later in a War Atlas edited this year by H. V. Kaltenborn, *Pondichéry* it was. Then, remembering its historic connection, I looked it up in a volume of "Battles and Sieges" I own, and it was *Pondicherry*. The W.I.N. gave it as Pondchéry. They write that they prefer the French spelling; but without the accent and with two r's is the common and correct English spelling. What a headache atlas-makers will have after the war!

We have just learned with pleasure that Henry Bellamann, the novelist, who contributed that original and timely article on Music Criticism, "From Poison to Elixirs," in the *SRL*, finds DC's escapist amusement.

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 466

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1934 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 8 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Homespun cotton cloth-apparel of Swadeshi (India).
B. A place for public prayers on the two chief Moslem feasts.
C. Capital of French India.
D. Ravine or gully (West. U. S.—comp.)
E. Too odious to be mentioned.
F. Second largest island in the world.
G. A trench, ditch, canal (Obs. exc. Hist.)
H. A Thracian singer punished for his boast of excelling the Muses.
I. American dramatist and journalist (1842-1908).
J. Literary form of Montaigne, Emerson, etc.
K. The master of the house; Mister (Obs.)
L. Portions of tracks common to two or more railroads (U. S.)
M. Free from conventional reticences (talk).
N. Referring to the New Testament of the Douay Bible.
O. River in Scotland celebrated by Wordsworth.
P. Without cessation; tediously (3 wds.)
Q. Very weary from much walking.
R. Site of Tunisian battle—B.C. 46 (Caesar and Pompey).
S. Hebrew prophet of and after the reign of Jeroboam—also Book.
T. A person or thing that facilitates action, etc.
U. To move with increasing speed (Naut. —2 wds.)
V. Without further consideration (phrase).
W. German Romanesque architecture of the Rhine Valley.
X. Castles in the air.
Y. Builder of the Wooden Horse (Trojan War).
Z. Old American scene of novel by Edith Wharton (1924).

WORDS

98 32 47 130 57 41 132
33 21 54 128 158
74 27 81 108 78 112 123 89 53 165
142 23 63 14 70 87 59
67 129 147 116 76 30
71 37 115 11 73 104 90 31 175
151 94 8 135 46
138 149 10 34 109 137 99 85
118 1 95 113 144 4
60 172 84 124 176
141 75 86 154 28 19 166
45 5 169 105
110 93 160 79 131 120 80 107 114
122 139 150 163 161 68 26
91 44 61 153 146 7
92 125 170 156 69 143 103
101 64 136 148 127 167 18 83
157 88 164 51 100 111 38
106 50 62 36 133
82 3 35 15 56
22 29 39 77 140 97 25 159 119
12 168 42 43 55 162
65 40 72 20 102 9 2
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17 48 155 121 171
16 58 174 145 96 49 66

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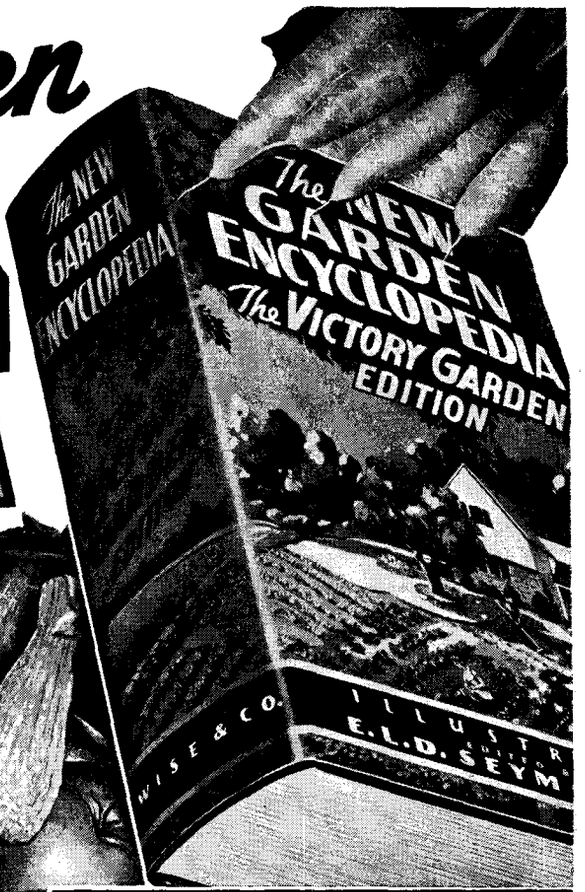

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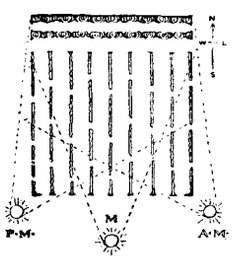
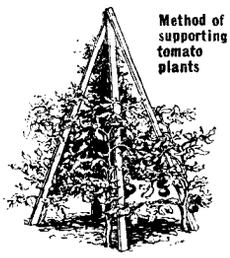


(Above) Why It Is Best to Plant Vegetables in North and South Rows



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